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The Plague of Egypt

MARTIAL law has been declared throughout Egypt and tanks are patrolling the smoking ruins of fashionable Cairo. In prison lie some 3,000 suspects, including trade union leaders conveniently rounded up by the police for alleged complicity in the riots. Having sacked the Wafd Cabinet, and peremptorily selected a Palace nominee as Prime Minister, King Farouk can console himself for the loss of his favourite night club with the thought that, unlike Louis the Sixteenth, he has smashed the national revolution. By so doing, he has given the British Government a last chance of reaching an agreement with the coterie of corrupt plutocrats who are our only friends in Egypt. After Mossadeq—the Tudeh. After Aly Maher Pasha—the night of the long knives.

Meanwhile across the desert in the Canal Zone 100,000 British soldiers—soon to be reinforced by another division from Germany—keep watch behind barbed wire over the vast string of camps, airfields, depots, marshalling yards which make up Britain's £105m. Middle Eastern base. Within this Zone live 400,000 Egyptians, inhabitants for the most part of Port Said, Ismailia and Fayid, three towns which depend for their livelihood on the Canal and the British Army. But to-day the Egyptian labour on which the base depends has been withdrawn. The 100,000 are surrounded by 400,000 embittered enemies, deplorably ready to retaliate by murder and arson for the "massacre of Ismailia." We use the word "massacre" because that is what the use of Centurion tanks to storm a police barracks must appear to any Egyptian and, indeed, to any Moslem. To them, this is crude imperialism: it compels a backward people under a shameful Government to bow to British interests. Anglo-American strategy requires the maintenance of the British base in Egypt whatever the Egyptians or other Middle Eastern peoples may desire. So British troops teach the Egyptians a lesson in democracy by blowing forty policemen to pieces.

Of course, this version of the affair is one-sided. Britain has a legal right to maintain 10,000 troops in the Canal Zone until 1956, and it was wrong of the Cairo Government to tear up the 1936 treaty and encourage university students to copy the successful Israeli methods of achieving their political aspirations. This is all true—but the fact remains that the strong-arm methods which the Cabinet authorised General Erskine to use were bound sooner or later to end in an incident as odious as the Amritsar shooting, and bound in its aftermath to produce a popular rising in Cairo. Now King Farouk has achieved a breathing space, but, if those strong-arm methods continue, it will not be for long. Another collision between the British Army and Egyptian police, and partisans in the Canal Zone will set off revolutionary disturbances which can only be suppressed by the occupation of Cairo and Alexandria.

There is little doubt that this policy is favoured by some people in Whitehall. They realise that no Egyptian Government, even if it is hand-picked by King Farouk, could dare to agree to the retention by Britain of the Suez base. They realise, too, that the proposal to transform this into a Middle Eastern defence base by the addition of American, French and Turkish troops merely adds insult to injury. Since this is so, they argue, we must impose on Egypt a regime suitable to our requirements even if this involves us in a colonial war.

We believe that Mr. Eden sees that a British policy of this kind in Egypt would be as insane as MacArthur's plan for blitzing the Chinese into submission. But if he is not prepared to break Egyptian resistance, what is Mr. Eden's policy? Does he seriously believe, after what happened at Ismailia, that any Egyptian Government can agree under any conditions to the presence of British troops after 1956? If he does not, what does he intend to do in four years' time when the Treaty expires? In the long run, there is only one way out of this impasse. We have often urged that the international waterways of the world, including Suez, should be placed under U.N. protection and guarded by U.N. soldiers. Even if this is not immediately practicable, the British Government should declare it to be its long-term aim. Meanwhile, since it is useless as well as immoral to retain by sheer force a military base in a hostile country, we should tell the world that we are not prepared to let British soldiers be used for an odious task from which other great Powers derive benefit with no risk to themselves, and we should announce the date by which we have decided to evacuate. In the meantime, we should negotiate an agreement with a friendly country which might accept the presence of our troops. On this subject, the lesson of Palestine is not irrelevant. If we do not act voluntarily while there is still time, we shall sooner or later act under compulsion.

Report After Washington

In his preliminary report to the Commons, Mr. Churchill did little to dispel the uneasiness which the country feels about the precise nature of the understandings reached between Prime Minister and President. Declining to give any details of intentions concerning Korea "which might assist the enemy," Mr. Churchill assured the House that no new "formal commitments" had been entered into, before or during his visit; but, as we have pointed out, the principal ground for disquiet is lest the tenor of informal discussion of Pentagon projects (however hypothetical) may have led the Americans to believe that Britain has now acquiesced in contingent plans for "carrying the war to China" in default of an early Korean truce. It is this aspect of the Washington talks, and not Mr. Churchill's pain at "being forced to accept in principle" a U.S. Admiral's flag on the Atlantic, that the House must probe in next week's debate.

Budget on March 4

The interim nature of the Chancellor's "crisis" statement is emphasised by the announcement that the Budget will be introduced on March 4—nearly a month before the accounts for the current year are closed. Since March revenue can be estimated with fair precision, and March expenditure is always conditioned largely by Treasury decisions how much to "bring in," there are no insuperable technical difficulties in this procedure; but it is sufficiently unusual to have given rise at once to a variety of speculations as to its implications. Does it mean that the Government is toying with the idea of a snap election in the hope of securing an impressive mandate for its "solvency" programme before the cuts begin to hurt? Or is it simply that, in the interests of the textile trades, Mr. Butler is anxious to end as soon as possible the present disturbing uncertainty as to the future of Purchase Tax?

We believe that the explanation is rather to be found in the simple fact that the effects, direct and indirect, of the Chancellor's proposals are bound to be sharply inflationary and that, given the essentials of Tory policy—rejection of the sort of controls which would largely solve the problem by increasing enforced savings, and a determination to place the burden of rearmament mainly on the working class—it is logical to lose no time in applying general deflationary measures. By cutting imports by £500m. and proposing to switch an additional £250m. of British production to exports, Mr. Butler is creating an inflationary shortage of domestic supplies which is certain to be made more acute by coming wage demands: as they realise that the Tory plan is to squeeze their members' pockets by the price mechanism, the trade unions will be quick, and rightly quick, to invoke the price mechanism on their own (wages) account. It is true that total purchasing power will be decreased by the retrenchment in Government expenditure and by the heavy cuts in capital investment—a step disastrous for this country's long-term prospects; and the restrictions on hire purchase will certainly lessen the demand for durable consumers' goods. But these restrictions will not lessen, and may even increase, the buying of non-durable goods. Hence the early Budget, we conclude, is designed to attempt the achievement of two objects—the reduction of wages and incomes by the fiscal weapon, and the creation of unemployment which will make it easier both to resist wage demands and to switch labour to rearmament.

Partial Control of Labour

The new Notification of Vacancies Order provides that, except in the case of coal-mining, agriculture, shipping and docks, employers will again be obliged, after February 25, to hire workers through employment exchanges. There is to be no direction of labour, and no worker will be compelled to take the job offered him by the employment exchange. In practice, however, since no employer can hire them directly, the unemployed will be bound to seek work through the exchanges, where persuasion will doubtless be exercised to induce men and women to accept jobs in armaments and export industries exclusively. In so far, therefore, as unemployment is created in industries and firms catering for the home market, the Order may do something to bring about a gradual switch of manpower. On the other hand, the results achieved when Mr. Isaacs assumed, in 1947, still wider powers to "guide" labour, were not impressive. If Sir Walter Monckton hopes to secure by means of the Order a tithe of the 500,000 additional engineers who, it is estimated, will be needed by 1953 for rearmament work, he is taking a sanguine view of the potential mobility of labour in the present housing shortage. The Order must probably be regarded as the thin edge of a "direction" wedge.

Education Reprieved?

The Cabinet's decision not to go, for the moment, beyond the five per cent. overall cut already imposed on the expenditure of local education authorities, and to maintain, in Mr. Butler's words "the essential fabric of education," is clearly a tactical retreat in face of Labour protests and the weight of incensed public opinion. But is it more than a temporary tactical retreat? The Chancellor has said that it is not proposed to change the period of school attendance by raising the age for entry or lowering the school-leaving age. On the other hand, there are to be cuts in the school building programme, apart from other savings, and the age of transfer to secondary schools is apparently to be raised. Coupled with next year's bulge in the over-five age group, this retrenchment is bound to cause intolerable congestion in primary schools, whose physical shortcomings, as matters stand, are the subject of a series of articles beginning on page 118 of our present issue. That is to say, it looks as though the result may be to create, for primary school children, such intolerable conditions of overcrowding that the Government will plead, next year, the absolute necessity of relieving it by shortening the period of compulsory attendance.

Germany Stiffens Her Terms

It now looks increasingly doubtful whether the meeting of the N.A.T.O. Council in Lisbon this month will be presented with a clear-cut, agreed plan for a European Army with the proposed component of twelve divisions and 2,750 tanks from Germany. The Conference in Paris last week-end of the six European Army nations seems to have drafted some sort of tentative organisational constitution for the so-called European Defence Community; but it is evident that there are still wide divergencies of view as to the pooling of military budgets and the extent to which the joint force should be controlled by a supra-national High Authority on Schuman Plan lines. Apart from these factors, the attitude of France to the whole scheme is likely to be profoundly affected by the latest evidence of Western Germany's determination to extort a high price for German participation in European Defence.

During the Paris Conference, Mr. Hallstein, West German Secretary of State, confronted his five colleagues with the blunt demand that Western Germany must have equal voting rights in N.A.T.O.—a status which, from the French standpoint, would add gravely to the dangers of German rearmament. Equally disturbing to French opinion is the surprise decision of the Federal Government to make the Saar a bargaining counter. Using as a pretext the appointment of Mr. Grandval as "Ambassador" to the Saar, and arguing that this (long promised) change in the French High Commissioner's status compromised German "rights" in that it implied recognition of Saar sovereignty, Dr. Adenauer declared in Bonn last Sunday that, until the future of the Saar had been satisfactorily settled, there would be no German contribution to a European Army. No doubt the Federal Cabinet, for reasons of domestic politics, was anxious to forestall an attack from Dr. Schumacher, who has long included the Saar in his list of legitimate German demands, but, coupled with German insistence on entry, as a full member, to N.A.T.O., this abrupt staking of a German claim to the Saar as part of the price which Western Europe must pay for permitting Western Germany to have a large and powerful army will put the cat among the pigeons in the Paris National Assembly.

Aspiring Tenants for the White House

A correspondent writes: On the Republican side, the race for the Presidential nomination has begun in earnest. The fact that General Eisenhower has not withdrawn his name—entered by his supporters—from the New Hampshire primary is final proof that he is an "available" candidate, and an impressive turn-out of Republican voters for him in March would do much to offset the handicap the General has imposed on himself by sticking to his post and refusing so far to come home and campaign. For while the rank-and-file Republican voter "likes Ike," and so do many floating and Democratic voters in such key and marginal States as New York, Texas, Florida, California and Illinois, Senator Taft's grip on the party organisation is very strong, and his attack this week upon the Truman foreign policy will have enhanced his appeal among the "solid" Republicans. While Mr. Truman has been President, he said, Soviet control had spread from "an uncertain hold" on 180 million people to a firm grasp on 800 millions; an "unnecessary Korean war" had been foisted on the United States, and "domestic improvements" had been postponed by the demands of Mr. Truman's "military State." The Senator, moreover, identified himself more closely with the MacArthur

policy than he had done before. General MacArthur had been recalled "because he wanted to win the war in Korea": his policy of "bombing and blockading and the use of Nationalist troops" would have created a "free Korea." But that chance has been lost and Korea is now a hopeless shambles. All this, no doubt, is designed to sharpen the issue between Taft and Eisenhower and to suggest that, for the Senator at least, there is to be no more "me-tooism."

The Republican fight is now in the open. The Democratic camp is still in the confusion caused by uncertainty about the President's intentions. He must, of course, hold back publicly as long as he can, even if his mind is made up, or lose all influence in his party. But the doubts make life hard for other Democratic aspirants. Senator Kefauver, for one, has decided to wait no longer, and has begun openly to campaign for the Democratic nomination. In his favour are his liberal record, the national standing he won as chairman of the famous Senate crime investigation, and the fact that, coming from Tennessee, he might be a possible compromise between the North and South of the Democratic Party. Against him stand his youth, his political inexperience and the antagonism he has provoked among local Democratic machines by his exposure of graft and corruption. Moreover, the President, who has a strong voice in choosing his successor if he chooses not to run, is no enthusiast for Senator Kefauver.

A much more likely choice is Adlai Stevenson, Governor of Illinois, a Fair Dealer, a man who helped develop the President's foreign policy, who cleaned up the mess of corruption left by the previous Republican regime in Illinois State politics—a valuable qualification in a year when the Democrats are badly smeared by corruption themselves—and who is a wonderful vote-getter. In 1948, he ran more than half a million votes ahead of Mr. Truman in Illinois, and his pulling power on the Democratic ticket was strong enough to carry the President in by a bare 30,000 votes. Stevenson, moreover, is "acceptable" to the Democratic machines, in a way that few "amateur" politicians are, and if the President wished, he could almost certainly engineer a "draft" to persuade Governor Stevenson to leave the State House in Springfield and to apply for the tenancy of the White House. Alternatively, Mr. Truman may run again, and choose the Governor as a running-mate who would give an aura of "clean government" to the tarnished Democratic emblem. After all, the Governor's grandfather was Vice-President under Grover Cleveland, and the President made a cryptic remark last week about "being a good candidate . . . runs in the blood."

WITHOUT COMMENT

The difficulty of holding down dollar imports [by the sterling area] is enhanced on the one hand by the desire of some of these countries to proceed with their development programmes and on the other by the limited availability of metal and engineering exports from the United Kingdom. . . . This dilemma again emphasises that the present payments crisis of the United Kingdom stems in very large part from the conflict between a necessarily moderate rate of increase in production and a relatively ambitious armament programme.

United Nations Department of Economic Affairs, *Economic Survey of Europe*, 1951.

Mr. Butler Puts the Clock Back

No final assessment of Mr. Butler's policies can be made until after the Budget, in which he will have to deal with the inflationary pressures this week's cuts must create. But nothing he has said so far indicates that he has any satisfactory plan for dealing either with the long-term vulnerability of Britain's economy or the particular physical distortions due to rearmament.

The stiff task he has set the country in reducing the U.K. deficit to £100m. by the end of this year may be accomplished, but at heavy cost. Stocks are to be run down, both working and strategic, so that the cupboard will be largely bare at a time when armaments are rising to their peak to meet what is alleged to be an immediate threat from a potential enemy whose principal asset is a huge fleet of submarines! At the same time, investment restrictions are imposed which must in the long run slow down the rise in productivity and postpone the day when British manufacturing industry can be fully competitive with its rivals. In other words, Mr. Butler is buying a razor-edge equilibrium this year at the cost of intensifying and prolonging our later difficulties.

His statement to the Commons showed more clearly than anything yet the fantasy of the original rearmament programme. Since that programme was announced, its real value has been reduced some £500m. by rising prices. Over and above that, Mr. Butler admitted an undefined "lag" in the first year's production. In fact, we suspect, Defence production in 1951 was little, if any, larger than in 1950. Yet even this truncated programme cannot, in the Treasury view, be sustained without a degree of austerity which makes nonsense of Tory election promises of "more red meat" and an end to Socialist misery, and does grave damage to the long-range prospects of national recovery and ultimate economic independence.

The fact that steel must be saved by cutting school building at a time when public education is threatened with dislocation, even breakdown, through shortage of school places, and by drastically slowing down the re-equipment of civil industry at a time when Britain must export to live, vividly illustrates the topsy-turvy nature of the world which Mr. Butler is trying to set to rights. But, once an intolerable burden of rearmament is taken for granted, both these measures are logical in the sense that they are addressed, however misguidedly, to meeting the physical limitations which arms production imposes on the economy. In spite of an obscure reference to "easing the immediate burden of Defence on the metal-using industries," which probably means no more than accepting the physically conditioned lag in production, Mr. Butler has not been willing to face the central problem, whether a rearmament programme of this size imposed on the U.K. economy can achieve its stated objectives.

While a certain perverse logic must thus be conceded to the investment cuts and the restriction on the domestic use of durable consumer goods, including radio sets and motor cars, the same cannot be said of the Chancellor's measures to reduce the social services. In what way do mutilating cuts in the National Health Service assist the country to limit imports, to increase exports or, for that matter, to build arms? These cuts, together with other reductions in Government expenditure, which will, presumably, be made known in the Budget, are to total some £180m. They illustrate one of the chief tenets of Tory dogma on the crisis—that our adverse balance of overseas trade has been caused by excessive domestic consumption. But where is the evidence for this? After a buying spree in the early part of 1951 (to which even then the working-class family seems to have contributed comparatively little), domestic consumption has fallen sharply. In the third quarter of 1951 it was three points lower than in the equivalent period of 1950. There are clear signs of a recession in important consumer industries, such as textiles and furniture; and, as Labour M.P.s at least will know, there are few working-class households not feeling the pinch more severely now than at any time since the war.

What the evidence does suggest is that within a general inflation, caused largely by Atlantic rearmament, there has been the beginning of a serious slump in consumer goods. An attack now on working-class incomes is likely to intensify this trend, to cause real hardship and to contribute in only the most roundabout way to relieving the pressure on capital goods, on which, as Mr. Butler correctly pointed out, our success in exports must depend. This essential sector of the economy can only be relieved of excessive demand by a reduction in the Defence programme, which the Chancellor rejects, or by a rapid and substantial increase in engineering capacity, which he makes impossible by the limitations on new industrial plant.

In so far as Mr. Butler is now creating inflationary pressure by his import cuts and his diversion from the home market of domestic engineering products, he should meet it, as Mr. Dalton and Sir Stafford Cripps showed how, by a combination of taxation and physical controls over distribution. The latter represent the one fair way of restricting consumption and inducing a high level of personal saving. But in his statement the Chancellor specifically refused to rely on a "battery of direct controls," and hinted broadly at tax remissions in the forthcoming Budget. To lay his axe at the existing social services in these circumstances is unforgivable.

That part of the Chancellor's plan which is directed at "disinflating" the internal economy in fact seems to amount to the first step in an old-style, inter-war deflation, dangerously undermining the social gains of the last six years and very largely irrelevant to the problems he claims to be facing. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that, unable to see any means of balancing our overseas payments which would be acceptable to his Party, he has decided to go back to the way of the '30s, when a deflated economy rested on the plight of a million or two potential producers who were unable either to work or to consume. This is putting the clock right back to Depression time.

Last Chance in Tunisia

THE Tunisians are not a war-like people. Of all the North Africans they are reputed to be the "softest" and the most Westernised. Even Habib Bourguiba, the allegedly "fanatical" leader of the Neo-Destour, is a better orator when he speaks French than when he speaks Arabic, and he knows Racine better than the Koran. All observers of Tunisia are agreed that, even allowing for the Arab tradition of duplicity, there is no question of Bourguiba, and still less the rank-and-file of the Neo-Destour, being anti-French in the sense of wanting to "throw the French into the sea." "Not two per cent. of Tunisians are in favour of such drastic measures," the *Monde* wrote the other day. The willingness of Tunisians to come to terms with France has been apparent throughout the post-war years, and even to-day no leader of the Neo-Destour seriously demands complete independence; or the abolition of France's right to control Tunisia militarily and to represent her internationally. So Westernised is the Tunisian educated class—from which the Nationalist leaders have sprung—that the Arab League and the Governments of other Arab-speaking countries have tended to treat them as "appeasers" and "collaborators." And yet it is easy-going Tunisia, of all places, which has, in the last fortnight, been the scene of mass arrests, riots, bloodshed and atrocities.

How did it happen? For many months past, the Tunisian Government, or rather its Tunisian half (the other half consists of French officials), the Neo-Destour movement (represented by one influential Minister in the Government) and the aged Bey himself have been asking the French to fulfil some of their long-standing promises of progressive reforms and of so-called "internal autonomy." Firm promises were made by Paris on several occasions, and notably in August, 1950; but in reply to the Tunisian Note of October, 1951, asking that some action be taken at last, the French Government replied by its now famous Note on December 15, which infuriated the Tunisians—and delighted the French land-owning *colons*. The French in Tunisia number 150,000, out of a population of 3 millions; there are also 80,000 Italians, mostly on the land, whose children now automatically acquire French citizenship, and 80,000 Jews. The influence of the French *colons*, businessmen and 12,000 officials in Tunisia is very great in Paris, and the negative nature of the Note of December 15 is generally attributed to this influence.

It is one of the anomalies of Tunisia that, despite 70 years of French rule, there is nothing even remotely resembling a representative parliament, and that even to-day the French should want to perpetuate the existence of the so-called Grand Council, on which the French settlers have an influence out of all proportion to their numbers. There was a time when educated Tunisians considered it a great honour to be granted French citizenship. To-day, under the influence of Tunisian Nationalism, which has been active especially since the early 'thirties, when the "plebeian" Neo-Destour almost entirely eclipsed the old aristocratic and feudalist Destour, Tunisians of all shades—except for a few surviving "Beni-Oui-Ouis," or "yes-men,"—hold that the French living in Tunisia should no longer be a foreign *élite*, but should become Tunisian citizens, like everybody else. The French, for their part, argue that they have "made the country," both economically and culturally, that they are technically more efficient, and therefore deserve a special place. Many of the *colons* still take the view that all that Tunisian Nationalism needs is to be kicked in the teeth.

While it is true that the mass of the rural population is more interested in the weather than in politics, Neo-Destour is, in reality, a formidable body, with 20,000 *militants*, and an estimated active support of 400,000, including that of all organised labour in the Protectorate. The Government is strongly influenced by the Neo-Destour, and the Bey himself, set up in 1943, and at first treated as a French puppet, has been largely "annexed" by the Nationalists, and has lately refused (*a*) to dismiss the Government and (*b*) launch an appeal for calm—before the release of Bourguiba and the other Nationalist leaders. The appeal finally had to be launched by M. de Hauteclocque, the new Resident-General, "in complete agreement with His Highness the Bey", yet without his actual endorsement. Bourguiba, according to the French, "terrorised" both the Government and the Bey, and notably got two of the Ministers to travel to Paris to present a complaint to U.N. —a step that angered the French Government more than anything else, since it was calculated to discredit France in the eyes of world opinion and, as the Rome *Messagero* declared, play into the hands of the U.S. and Britain—"both keenly interested in the strategic value of Tunisia, and Bizerta in particular." The *Messagero* article greatly upset the French, since its story reminded them of similar "tricks" played on them by the Nationalists in Morocco. Talk in the U.S. press about France's "incredible behaviour in Tunisia" added to their nervousness. The demand now made by the French that the appeal to U.N. be withdrawn before any negotiations could be entered on with Tunisia, is not surprising.

With no constitution, no parliament, and the survival of all sorts of 19th-century colonial anomalies in Tunisia, the Protectorate is obviously ripe for far-reaching reforms. The *colons*—as represented by organisations like the Tunisian *Rassemblement Français*—have been fighting a stiff rearguard action against them. But Paris has apparently got a salutary fright, and it looks as if there were now a genuine movement—strongly supported by M. Schuman, who was already opposed to the Note of December 15—in favour of coming to terms with Tunisia. "There are 20 different ways of reaching a genuine compromise, if the will is there," the *Monde* wrote last week. (One measure under consideration, for instance, is the creation of dual nationality for long-standing French residents in Tunisia and vice versa). Tunisia is *used* to living with France, an important point in France's favour, while France, for her part, cannot even imagine losing North Africa, as she can very easily (and often cheerfully) imagine the loss of say, Indo-China. And yet, the danger of losing North Africa is genuine, and the surest way of losing it—as France already lost Syria and the Lebanon in the past—is to refuse to talk as a friend, and to be "tough" instead. This is a serious moment for France. A successful compromise in Tunisia may create a precedent that will do more to save the "French Union" than anything else.

London Diary

THE one obvious fact about the economy cuts is something which both political parties have very good reasons for concealing. Dr. Cripps, Dr. Gaitskell and Dr. Butler have all repeated the same diagnosis, prepared for them by their Treasury experts, and recommended variations of the same fiscal remedy. Indeed there seems to be a curiously regular rhythm in the patient's metabolism. First, a period of about six months when his health improves startlingly and he is allowed to indulge himself in a few little luxuries, loosen his belt, and take a trip overseas. Then, after a year and a half, comes the relapse. A new doctor arrives, repeats the Treasury diagnosis and recommends a course of slimming with no foreign travel. I can see no reason whatsoever to believe that the present treatment will have any but the normal consequence, a new crisis by the end of 1954. Then, no doubt, a new doctor will arrive with the old cuts. Or is there a possibility that next time we shall resort to an unqualified practitioner, a quack who tears up the Treasury brief, defies the orthodox economists, refuses merely to juggle with the national accounts, and to tackle the unbalance in the economy itself? So far our Chancellors have only dealt with fiscal luxuries, not with the fantastic waste of our fuel resources, with our overloaded roads and bankrupt railways or our out-of-date distributive system. They merely plan our accounts; to plan our economy would be Socialism.

* * *

A very intelligent and sympathetic American remarked to me the other day that in his view British papers were unnecessarily alarmist about the result of the Churchill-Truman talks. "You must realise," he said, "that Truman and Acheson are determined, if it is humanly possible, to get a truce in Korea. Think as badly as you like of them; but for the lowest motives of domestic policy they need that truce in order to beat the Republicans in the election. Can't you see, therefore, that the threat of sanctions and all the talk of spreading the war to China is really a very adroit piece of political warfare designed to pressure the Chinese into signing the truce? It is evidence not that America wants war but that Truman will do anything to avoid it." I don't doubt for a moment that this analysis of the President's motives is correct. Indeed, I am sure that the Administration wants an armistice in order to liquidate the military commitment in Korea, and I am equally certain that Mr. Eden hopes he will never have to honour our pledge to use military sanctions against China if things go wrong in Korea or in Indo-China. But there's one trouble about political warfare of this kind. Suppose the other side calls your bluff. Then the com-

mitments must either be honoured (and that probably means general war) or disowned (and that means a rupture of the Anglo-American relations that Mr. Churchill has been so anxious to improve).

* * *

The sinister reports that Chiang Kai-shek is re-inforcing the remnants of his armies, cut off in the frontier States of Burma, confirms complaints which I have heard from Rangoon. The Burmese Government, already struggling with the insurgent Karens and with the White and Red Flag Communists, have found these armed refugees an intolerable burden. To add to these embarrassments, they knew or suspected that certain Americans were in traffic with them through Burma. While prepared to recognise that the subversive contact with the Chiang forces were unofficial, the Burmese Government clamped down on all foreign travellers to the border States. This has seriously affected the disinterested efforts of the U.N. medical and agricultural experts who are trying to benefit the people and the economy of Burma. The confusion of American motives in this part of the world may be clarified (and more closely examined) under the new label of "Mutual Security." Up till now, in Thailand, for example, there has been the U.S. Military Mission and the Special Technical and Economic Mission (S.T.E.M.). The latter was ostensibly concerned with social and humanitarian purposes. The Thais were never quite clear which was military and which was social. For instance, a good road has been built through the teak forests of the north, with American help. It might have been a generous act of S.T.E.M. to help the Thais to get out one of their richest exports—teak. "Teak!" commented a Thai forester to a visiting journalist recently, "This is the strategic road to the Mekong and the Indo-China border."

* * *

White Americans, who have a bad conscience about the treatment of Negroes in the United States, can justifiably point to a series of Supreme Court decisions which have improved the post-war status of the Negro. State Universities, even in States like Texas and Oklahoma, are now compelled to accept Negro students; segregation on inter-state railways is abolished, so that a Negro, travelling from New York to the South, need no longer change to a Jim Crow car south of Washington; "restrictive covenants," —the only legal basis for keeping Negroes in ghettoes—are now illegal. Also there has been some improvement in Negro wages and conditions of employment. Such things as these may spell the slow beginning of the end of segregation. But this does not mean that to-day the Negro is in less danger of violence and injustice. Indeed in some States it is when things are a bit better for the Negro that he is accused of getting "uppity." It is then that the Klan and Vigilantes get busy. Therefore to say that there has been improvement in the Negro's status since the war is not any reply to the document, published by the Civil Rights Congress under the title of *Genocide*, which has been produced by a group of American Left-wingers, which includes Paul Robeson and Howard Fast. The editor is William Patterson, who has just had his American passport confiscated. The title of the book is designed to bring it technically within the scope of the United Nations Assembly resolution which defined Genocide, not, as most people imagine, as an effort to exterminate a race; but merely as the intention to destroy or maliciously harm "*in whole or in part* a national, racial, ethnic or religious group as such." The evidence cited of violence and injustice against Negroes in the last six years easily brings its indictment within this definition. Some honest and devoted champions of the Negro cause like Mrs. Roosevelt and Walter White, the leaders of the "gradualist" school which works for the emancipation of coloured people, object, I'm told, to the stratagem involved in using the word Genocide, while they confirm the general truth of the indictment. My criticism is that the impact of the book would be even stronger than it is if the indictment included the admission of an improvement in the Negro's status. Failure to do this will give some people an excuse for brushing aside the evidence.

* * *

The widely advertised congress to discuss "Eastern Europe after the Communists", held here last week, yielded no practical result except an appeal to give aid and comfort to the exiles. There was loud applause for the sentiment that no settlement was possible until Russia ceased to dominate Eastern Europe, but as there was also an official repudiation of war as a policy there was no suggestion to show how this object could be achieved. At the Albert Hall meeting a mixed audience enthusiastically supported hecklers who reminded Mr. Randolph Churchill that Yugoslavia was also to be liberated. When Mr. André Philip told them in a Gallic harangue that France was dead against a German army they cheered; when he told them a minute later that France favoured a German force "integrated" in Western defence they again cheered; but when he demanded, in a subsidiary clause, freedom also "West of the Pyrenees" there was little or no response. The anticlimax came when two bands of Mosley youths unfurled posters, showered leaflets and chanted "Mosley for Europe" while giving the Hitler salute. The row went on for some time, rudely interrupting Count Racynski, the former Polish ambassador. Those on the platform and Mr. Harold Macmillan were plainly embarrassed. Mr. Amery, the unfortunate chairman, sat there in silence, pale, drawn and dignified. The foreigners in the audience were plainly puzzled when eventually the Mosleyites left without as much as a scuffle.

* * *

So the Hiss case is not yet closed. Next week, a Federal Court will hear a motion by the Hiss lawyers for a new trial on the grounds that they now have evidence which was not available at the time of the first two trials. Hiss himself, of course, is at present serving a sentence of five years, but friends who still believe in his innocence have been working on his behalf. The request for a new trial is based on three points, of which the most important is the contention that the damning evidence of the Woodstock typewriter can now be explained. It was this typewriter that really convicted Hiss. His most fervent champions were baffled to explain how the documents in question were typed on the Woodstock machine owned by the Hiss family. All Hiss himself could say on the day he was sentenced was that the time would come when the facts would show how "Whittaker Chambers was able to carry out forgery by typewriter." His lawyers now claim that they can show that the documents could have been typed on another Woodstock.

CRITIC

TOKEN TOURISTS

Britons will be practically eliminated from first-class hotels.—*Swiss Hotel Association.*

Brutally the axe descending,
Dreams of Swiss vacations ending,
Cuts the Britons' overspending,
Strict economy compels,
And we learn with consternation
Lower travel allocation
Means complete elimination
From the first-class Swiss hotels.

Not for us the service gracious,
Running water, comfort spacious,
Gilded lounges orchidaceous,
For Geneva frankly tells,
It the Cantons are invaded
(Though our tourists are dissuaded)
We this year will be degraded
To the second-class hotels.

In the Engadine or Valais
We must find some humble chalet,
Or some *pension* in an alley
Where no bellhop answers bells,
For the Swiss have little liking
For the visitor hitch-hiking,
Or disconsolately biking,
Seeking family hotels.

But while they greet Argentinians,
Motorists from the Dominions,
Mexicans and Abyssinians,
African and Asian swells,
Is it not to be expected
Our prestige will be affected
With our nationals directed
To the lower-class hotels?

Should we not the House petition
To review the whole position
And, in sending out a mission
With official personnel,
Show the Swiss this bankrupt nation
For a Treasury delegation
Can afford accommodation
At a luxury hotel?

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5 - for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Bibles are helping Britain to re-arm. Vast quantities of the Bible flooding from British presses into America are helping the drive for more guns, tanks and warplanes.—*Reveille.* (R. V. Netherclift.)

A year ago Mr. — made a scale model in salt of Salisbury Cathedral and by its display raised £30 for the Spire Appeal Fund. As a reward he was permitted to climb the cathedral spire.—*Bournemouth Daily Echo.* (Frances McMullan.)

A ban on train spotters at Victoria Station, Nottingham, will be lifted if spotters promise they will not play on stairways; slide down handrails; race trains along platforms; play football with paper balls; or dangle their legs over the platforms.—*News Chronicle.* (L. G. Strudwick.)

Macclesfield Education Finance Sub-committee allowed pay to a male teacher for one day's absence to attend the funeral of his mother-in-law.

They refused it to a woman teacher who attended the funeral of her father-in-law.—*Daily Telegraph.* (T. W. Brown.)

The Primary Child

[This is the first of a series of articles in which Basil Davidson writes of the impressions he has gained, after much inquiry, of the state of Primary Education in this country. He writes mainly, that is, of children in Infants' and Junior Departments—between the ages of five and eleven. He has looked at many schools, thanks to the kindness of Local Education Authorities, and consulted many teachers and administrators. His first article is about village schools; later articles will give impressions of London and other large towns; a final article will attempt to summarise contemporary trends, and to judge whether the schooling of young children is getting better or getting worse.]

THE first difficulty about writing anything sensible of British education—and it had better be admitted straight away—lies in the extreme complexity and variability of a system which has never been properly unified, and is not so unified to-day. Even if we leave our Scotland, the contrasts in England and Wales are often acute. Why should Merioneth be so near the top of the list for enlightenment, and some of our great industrial cities so near the bottom? Why should some of the worst schools in England—and some of the worst in the world, for all I know—be found to-day within a threepenny bus ride of the House of Commons? This variability between the practice of Education Authorities renders it especially difficult to define the *trends* in contemporary education, to say whether things are getting worse or better.

The education of the people of England—as distinct from the education of the élite—has had the traditional character of charity and cheapness. Unlike other great countries which entered the industrial revolution later and less unhappily, Victorian England saw no need to provide a popular basis for skill, initiative, and energy.

> The lower classes ought to be educated to discharge the duties cast upon them. They should also be educated that they may appreciate and defer to a higher cultivation when they meet it, and the higher classes ought to be educated in a very different manner, in order that they may exhibit to the lower classes that higher education to which, if it were shown them, they would bow down.

Thus Robert Lowe, an administrator of the Sixties and vice-president at that time of the Education Department of H.M. Government; and the House of Commons agreed with him. Lowe, one may note, was a Wykehamist.

By and large, the spirit of Lowe was to dominate English education for the next century. The best that the Education Act of 1921 could find, to say about elementary education, for instance, was that it should be "the duty of the parent of every child between the ages of five and fourteen . . . to cause that child to receive efficient elementary instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic." And the McNair Committee of 1944 was getting somewhere near the truth when it said that "we have not yet emancipated ourselves from the tradition of educating our children on the cheap."

But to-day? Let me describe what I have found in some villages, despite some fine efforts which have been made in recent years by the Ministry and enlightened Local Education Authorities.

It has always seemed to me that Barsetshire was vaguely west of London. So is the village I am thinking of. I stopped my car in the main street there and asked a lady in tweeds where the school was. "*Which* school?" she asked.

This village is typical of many of the larger villages of England, perhaps of most. Its population has grown little in the last fifty years; its social composition is essentially unchanged. There are three schools for children up to ten or eleven: two of these are little private assemblies run by ladies, and intended for children who will go away to expensive Prep. and Public schools. They are ill equipped and, I believe, out of date in everything they do. Between them they have a population of about thirty children. Fees may range from eight to twelve guineas a term. The third school is the village primary school (until 1944 its "elementary" school) with one department for infants and another for juniors. Clustered within its early Victorian walls are 110 sons and daughters of the agricultural labourers and other working folk of the village and its immediate neighbourhood.

In the good old days—in this case until 1950, when Mr. Green came to be head of the school—Mr. Brown, the old head, ran things in his own traditional way. By the time of his retirement, he had spent thirty years in teaching the "village children," although teaching is perhaps too positive a word. There is no record, in all that time, of his building (which dates partly from 1845 and partly from 1880) ever having suffered a new coat of paint or internal renovation. The windows were opaque (for otherwise the little devils would look out of them); the inside walls were a dark dun colour besmeared with the boredom of thousands of little children. The books were mostly published before the year 1900, and many had long since lost their covers.

The Board of Governors consisted—and it still does—of the parson (a decent, disappointed man), the local squire, three County ladies, and perhaps a couple of others: it spent, and spends, as little as possible on the school. When pressed for their thoughts on education, these Governors tend to say that the important thing about "their school" is the maintaining of it "as an intimate and living organism within the village community," or words to that effect. There must be a real link, they like to say, between those who pass their working lives in the village and those . . . *ahem* . . . who do not.

Such was the situation until 1950. It is still the situation in some other rural schools that I have seen. Then Mr. Green, a native of disrespectful Lancashire, descended on the village and made an end to this rural utopia. He told the surprised Governors that their school was filthy, festering, a flaming scandal. When they bridled at this, he attacked again by asking why none of them sent their own children to "their" school. He insisted on having the opaque glass shattered from the windows, and displaced by clear glass. He burnt a great many books. He threw out a great many desks—huge iron-bound desks designed that the child should know his place, and know it was immovable. He spent money on plumbing without any authorisation, and threatened publicity if the money could not be found. (He still has earth closets, as most rural schools in England do, but they smell less badly than they did.) He had all the dun-brown mess scraped from the walls, and the walls painted in pale blue and primrose. He actually fixed amusing posters and pictures on these pleasant walls. He had the nerve, out of his small savings, to buy a second-hand piano. . . .

Mr. Green, the new head, was able to do these things because he had the courage of his convictions, because the parson stood by him (this being a Church school), because the Governors were frightened of a scandal, and because Mr. Butler's Act of 1944 had promised and provided for a measure of improvement. From a very bad school, a sort of infants' dungeon which the Church of England should have been ashamed to own but apparently wasn't, Mr. Green has changed his school into an institution which faintly resembles, if at far remove, the image of the primary school that is usually conjured up in political propaganda. But the change, be it noted, was largely thanks to the accident of Mr. Green. Without Mr. Green—though there is a fair number of Mr. Greens in English education, devotedly trying to overcome conditions liable to drive the best of men and women to despair—little or nothing might have been done to advance matters from where they stood twenty or forty years ago.

And Mr. Green can only act within the narrow limits of his own authority. He enjoys, as it happens, the support of an enlightened County Education Officer; but even this potentate can only work within a narrow margin. The antiquated buildings are strong and permanent; there is no hope of pulling them down and building afresh. The rooms are divided not by walls but by wood-and-glass partitions. "My children," as another head teacher said, "have the choice of listening to their own teacher or to the teacher in the next room." As the "bulge" in the birth rate begins to take effect, Mr. Green is now finding that even the rooms he has—and Mr. Brown, his predecessor, used one of them for a potting shed—are in many cases too small for all the applicants. He is having to "restrict entry"—the law and the regulations notwithstanding: to refuse, that is, to take all the children whose legal right entitles them to a place. This will get worse. And then, like most of his colleagues in rural schools, he has six or eight "backward" or deficient children who require a separate assistant, a separate room, and individual treatment if they are not to be left hopelessly behind or clog the progress of the others: he is not within a hundred miles of gettting any of these. He faces the future boldly, but with a feeling of deep frustration. He says that he cannot possibly do the job as he would like to do it. He feels let down. He knows that Miss Horsbrugh is not in the Cabinet, and he thinks he knows why. He is bracing himself for more "cuts."

But it is not only the physical framework of his teaching that worries Mr. Green. He is worried even more about the content; and in this, as in most of what I have said, Mr. Green can speak for many of the primary teachers I have met. It is bad enough that the allowance for buying books and other equipment should be so pitifully low: according to careful inquiries carried out lately by the National Book League, the "probable average" spent annually on books for each small child in England and Wales is 4s. 9d (and 3s. for infants). Though a little more in terms of real money than before the war, that is bad enough, for Mr. Green's children are already sharing two to a book; but that is not the worst of it.

Mr. Green now finds that "his parents" are pressing more and more for instruction capable of getting their kids through the intelligence tests of the "scholarship" exam.—as they still call it—which opens the way to the Grammar school at ten-plus. The parents, it seems, are quite convinced that Mr. Butler's Act, no matter what it promised, did *not* provide "secondary education for all." They usually regard Secondary Modern Departments as no different from the senior departments of the old elementary schools. They believe that failure to get into a Grammar school (or a school of comparable status) condemns their children to menial occupations; and there is every reason, of course, why they should believe this, for generally it is true. More and

more of them, believing this, want their kids to have "a decent chance." In countless English homes, the ten-plus exam. has now become a rending and long-anticipated drama; and it is already clear that this time and method of selection is very bad for many of the children who fail to get selected.

"Then you stream your children? And coach some of them for the ten-plus exam.?"

"Have to, more or less. And you see what happens. No matter what care you take to conceal your judgment from the kids, they soon tumble to it. How could they do anything else when they're crammed together like this"—Mr. Green lowered his voice before some thirty staring children—"and you've got to separate them into groups?"

"Do they mind?"

Mr. Green gave me a patient look. "Work it out for yourself," he said. "The top group doesn't mind. But the others—they catch it going and coming. They sit at school and get it firmly into their heads that they're no good, that they'll never come to anything—little children aren't fools, you know. They're sensitive about themselves. And then they go home and get shouted at by their parents because they aren't in what's called 'the scholarship lot.' Because everybody knows, you see, that the kinds who don't get into the 'A group' at seven or eight are the kids who aren't going to pass the exam. at ten-plus. Who aren't going to the Grammar school. Who don't stand a chance of going up in the world. The bottom lot, of course, simply gets left behind. . . ."

And over three-quarters of the little children of England are in the other groups—the groups where children "get it firmly into their heads that they'll never come to anything. . . ." Oh, shades of Robert Lowe! BASIL DAVIDSON

Korean Rehearsal

[*The writer of this article was the Korean war correspondent of the* DAILY TELEGRAPH *from September*, 1950, *to January*, 1951.]

Two armies have been intermittently engaged in warfare in Korea since the autumn of 1950, and—properly, on their respective merits—have reached a military stalemate. The methods employed have been entirely dissimilar. The one side, highly mechanised and equipped with a wealth of modern weapons, has confined itself largely to roads and inhabited areas, using little more than one-tenth of its man power as forward troops. The other side, lightly armed and without the means directly to counter its opponents, has avoided roads and inhabited areas, and used nine-tenths of its man power as fighting troops.

If these armies have failed to destroy each other, they have not failed to destroy the country over which they have fought. This result has been brought about by the mechanised force and its chosen method of "total interdiction". All the major towns of Korea with the exceptions of Taegu and Pusan have suffered the most terrible destruction; the slow and painful efforts at industrialisation have disappeared; roads and railways have been gravely damaged; hundreds of villages have been erased from the face of the earth, and countless people, caught in this dreadful exercise, have been reduced to ashes with their homes, or condemned hopelessly to roam the barren wilderness. Few of them know why.

The military lessons of this tragedy merit study. Throughout the period from the Inchon landing in September, 1950, to the retreat of the routed Americans from the Changchon river at the end of November, U.S. troops and transport, guns and ammunition moved unmolested, even by day, over the narrow road channels. Troops seldom deployed off the roads; and camps were not camouflaged. On the sea, scores of warships moved with absolute freedom, able to bring their guns and carrier-borne aircraft to bear in support of ground forces. In the air, fighters and bombers and transport aircraft operated at will, without any precautionary measures, while huge cargoes of supplies were able to move continuously and without protection between the Japanese sea and air bases and the Korean battlefield. Never could modern weapons and "total interdiction" have a better chance to prove themselves.

In this period the Korean war, inasmuch as it was or is a war for the "liberation" of South Korea, was won and lost. I was privileged to be a close observer of the military performance. I followed the U.S. forward troops closely from Inchon across the 38th Parallel and beyond the Changchon river, and was with the rearguard of the retreat back through Pyongyang to South of the Parallel. On each and every occasion, advance was preceded by air and artillery attack on a very heavy scale, quite out of proportion to the resistance, real or imaginary. It became apparent from the outset that the purpose was to win by these methods alone; to obliterate the enemy. As a war correspondent, I wrote of it as "the atom mind," and of troops as "the street cleaners of the new war." In this way Seoul, with its suburb of Yongdung-po, the capital city of South Korea, was shockingly destroyed, and half of its million inhabitants were killed or rendered homeless. The final defence of the city was conducted by not more than 20,000 hurriedly trained North Koreans who could not muster anything heavier than a mortar in their artillery.

Step by step on the roads to the North, this method was pursued with results which have been well publicised. On the Changchon river an American commander remarked to me: "We have won a whole lot of real estate, but we have not killed many enemy." In fact, the real estate was in ruins, thousands of civilians had been killed; but the enemy continued to survive in the hills. In short, little had been achieved beyond the destruction of civilian lives and property. Thus in Korea we see the new trend and pattern of warfare for the first time. In the 1914-18 war civilians were included. In the 1939-45 war civilians became equal targets with soldiers. To-day civilians have become the main target. That is the meaning of "total interdiction," and the atom bomb carries it to its conclusion. . . .

At this point the Chinese came into the picture and without air support or artillery put the whole mechanised army to headlong flight at a speed and in a manner that must be unique in the annals of war. Again an American commander said to me: "Without air or artillery they're making us look a little silly in this Godawful country." Nothing that the Americans have been able to do since has greatly changed the picture, for it is probable that the Chinese inability to exploit their advantages and sustain their pressures is much more due to their own limitations than to the incessant "total interdiction" to which they have been, and still are, subjected.

The lesson of all this, for me at any rate, was that long-range weapons cannot win a war. The U.S. forces in Korea have demonstrated their ability to destroy—without military virtue, or the gaining of a decisive advantage over their enemies. They have shown that the most modern implements of destruction are useless to achieve a military result, and therefore a political result, without well-trained, well-disciplined and resolute men to follow up, defeat the enemy and consolidate. The United States policy of "total interdiction" means the blotting out of whole groups of civilians and their means of support. In terms of warfare it is almost meaningless.

Much of this was becoming clear in the latter stages of the World War II. The appalling wastage of vital raw materials and the destruction of industrial plant and houses by all-out bombing was paying very small dividends. Territory had to be won and held: the opposing army had to be destroyed. The bombers brought about great hardship for civilians, and great loss of property, but they could not have encompassed the military defeat of the enemy. More than that—they rendered the victory economically and politically disastrous when at last it was obtained.

Soon after the Inchon landing I saw this type of warfare clearly as an attempt to substitute machines for men, and I realised that the atom bomb was but a natural extension of this type of thinking. By the end of November, when the flight from the Changchon river was in full flood, and the troops and machines were racing back from the North through Pyongyang, it was apparent that this was true. It did not occur to anyone that the remedy might be to stand and fight; each mind seemed to spring instantly to the atom bomb. Indeed, it appeared to many of us, American and British observers alike, that this dreadful means of indiscriminate destruction was about to be employed. I have no doubt that in terms of victory it would have been in vain. In terms of liberation it would have been monstrous. In terms of aggression it would have been hideous. In terms of civilisation it would have destroyed the meaning of culture and rendered obsolete all prior meanings of the word evil. But it would have been logical, and no more than an extension, greater in degree, of napalm and high explosive.

The atom bomb has rendered such things as tanks, artillery and armies ridiculous. It has moved warfare entirely into the civilian sphere, and can achieve the virtual extinction of a country such as Great Britain. War, as mankind has known it, has ceased to be effective: two world wars have proved this; Korea has added a postscript and underlined the truth. In all human reason Hitler should be recorded as the last man to hold, and to attempt to prove, the contrary. In both world wars the winners did not win; in both, the defenders, comparatively unarmed at the outset, defended themselves successfully. It is fair to suppose that a third venture would complete the proof, while probably involving mankind in something near to irretrievable disaster. Regarded as a weapon of "war"—as it used to be called while its purposes were still intelligible—the atom bomb is an "obsolete" weapon.

I am not a pacifist: in war, I have seen thousands of men at their best, and have been perhaps at my best myself. It has been the only period in my life when my services have been required and I have been able to earn a steady living. It is difficult to dislike such a situation. And my conclusion, after close observation of three very different wars in three continents, is that if we were ever called on to defend this country from attack, in the sense of invasion by its enemies, we need not be defeated: if we wish to defend ourselves we can do so. We could doubtless be extinguished by atom bombs, hydrogen bombs or bacteria; but against such instruments the tanks and artillery which now consume with terrible profligacy vitally needed raw materials, would be utterly ineffective. Defence would depend on resolution and determination to resist—even if it were only with knives. And do not let us be squeamish about knives: killing discriminately at short range has much more to be said for it than the infliction of blind, purposeless annihilation from a distance. REGINALD THOMPSON

Mal du Siècle

FRANCE has a number of monthly magazines which are not only widely read, but also hold an important place in the intellectual life of the nation. Their relative importance has been further enhanced by the very high cost of books which, in many cases, they have replaced, both for readers and writers. Particularly valuable are some of the recent "double numbers" or "symposia" published by these monthlies. I have before me a "double number" of *N.E.F.*, which is an inquiry into the state of mind of the young generation. Perhaps the title of the symposium is not a very happy one. It is called "*Mal du Siècle*"; and its avowed purpose is to inquire whether there is in France to-day an equivalent of that alleged malady from which frustrated and long-haired young men suffered in the days of Alfred de Musset. The same complaint was called *Weltschmerz* by the German Romantics, and later degenerated into the despairing Baudelairian *spleen*.

Most contributors to the special *N.E.F.* number seem to think there is no such thing as a *mal du siècle* of the old introspective kind, if only because these days most people can't afford it. To quote a significant entry, that of a Paris third-year student:

> I only want to write about students, and even so nothing proves that I am typical, because each man has his own problems. . . . And yet, there is something common to all young students these days: it is impossible for a young man to-day not to be in a state of anguish. Will we all be Russians to-morrow, or Americans, or will we still be allowed to remain French? We don't know who to believe. . . . But I'm wrong to talk about all this, or about the Marxist-Existentialist-Christian triptych. . . . All this blah is drowned by a much louder clamour—the clamour for bread-and-butter. Everyday life is much too hard for analysing one's state of mind.

Another young writer puts it differently:

> "Our era is an era of Total Anguish. At a time when all that the future seems to hold in store is atomic and other catastrophes, a deep gloom pervades our thinking, and the Existentialist doctrines are no mere accident.

This is, no doubt, an extreme case; and, amongst the young, one finds a sharp reaction against this Existentialist catastrophism, especially from two groups—the Catholics and the Communists. The Communists in France, curiously enough, are about the only young people still actively interested in politics. As M. Michel Delsol says:

> Outside the Communists, French youth is almost totally disinterested in politics to-day. The great political parties have very few young militants, and their only common ground is really their anti-Communism.

There is much disillusion amongst the young: those who fought in the Resistance are disillusioned to find that "the Republic is back in the hands of the old Radical fogeys"; young Socialists see no Socialist Party in France worth speaking of; the young Communists, though still believing in something, if only out of a spirit of contradiction, are increasingly feeling on the brink of persecution. Although, in the main, democratic liberties still exist in France more than they do in most other countries, the word "democracy" is acquiring a more and more hollow sound. To quote a well-known jurist:

> In matters of liberty, the Frenchman is still a privileged person, but this liberty is threatened. . . . In freedom of expression an ominous tendency towards censorship can be observed. . . . The "pre-investigation" in criminal cases, though illegal, is an old, long-standing complaint; but to-day these ills go a good deal further.

And he quotes, in support of his view, a pretty hair-raising passage from a manual by M. Lambert, Professor of the High School of Police, on the effectiveness of third-degree methods—such as making a prisoner sit erect on a chair for 48 hours, refusing him food, water and sleep—details that might have been lifted bodily out of the anti-Soviet writings of Mr. Arthur Koestler.

It all contributes to a mood of nihilism and cynicism; and other values, too, are upset. The progress of science has not contributed to happiness—all the theories on, and experiments with, the abnormal prolongation of life, artificial insemination, the predetermination of sex, the test-tube creation of new species, supermen and what-not, have upset a lot of the more educated people in France. There is an uneasy feeling that the progress of human society and of the human personality has not kept pace with the progress of science in any field. Political values also are uncertain. The unenthusiastic acceptance of parliamentary democracy as a lesser evil goes, somehow, with a sneaking admiration for Soviet society in some cases—it has, for instance, solved the "Slave or Amazon" dilemma of French women—or with a secret hankering for Führerdom in others. As one young student writes:

> We don't mind belonging to sports and tourist associations, but we have no use for political groupings. . . . As for the *Mal du Siècle* you talk about, there's really no such thing. But there is a lot of anxiety—over the meaning of life, material progress and spiritual decline, and the future of France. To many of us, the future of France is an obsession. We've lost our heads, and we want guidance. Earlier generations had their masters—Maurras, Gide, Alain, Barrès, or Péguy. We have nobody. We are being offered Sartre, which is just silly.

Despite the ignominious end of the *Action Française*, which, under Vichy, was guilty of denouncing men of the Resistance to the police, there is a vague hankering again for Maurrasism and other dictatorial doctrines; but, in practice, there is little action on these lines, as may be seen from the half-heartedness and mental reservations with which de Gaulle, the only serious candidate for Führerdom to-day, is surrounded. Because even the choice of a Führer implies some degree of optimism. And as M. Henri Bernstein, the playwright, puts it in one of the interviews published in *N.E.F.*:—

> Pessimism and anguish existed in the 19th century, but not this almost unanimous feeling of insecurity and of grave peril, the chief element of our moral climate. The notion of *duration* has been lost, nobody believes in the future, and the young have lost hope. . . .

Every utterance published in *N.E.F.* is tinged by this feeling of "not being able to look ahead," by "the myopia with which we all now look at life." What escape is there? There are those who accept decay almost as a "way of life"—notably the *désorientés*, the riff-raff of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, with their tartan shirts and their "existentialist" poses, the more literate of whom write third-rate imitations of Villon, while others are merely spongers on American tourists. But an inordinate amount of space is given in *N.E.F.* to these vainglorious lame dogs. Other young people of the bourgeoisie close their mind to the future and seek worldly success above all things. Money, money! *Arriver!* Others still admire men of action—witness the enormous fan mail received from young people by Maurice Herzog, hero and martyr of the French Himalaya expedition. Others take to religion; a larger number than before the war take religious orders, and the Missionary Societies have long waiting lists of young people.

All this may belong to the realm of "intellectualism," with little effect on the broader masses of the population—the peasants, the workers, the *fonctionnaires*—who go on living by their day-to-day interests, and who, unlike the more sophisticated people, have a curious faith that, whatever may befall, France will, somehow, go on for ever. Yet amongst these people, too, not all is well. The distribution of wealth is worse balanced than it has been for generations. If wages and salaries represented 45 per cent of the national income before the war, they are now down to 35 per cent.

Poverty has bred sordidness, and so has bad housing. As against this, there is the cleaner but even uglier sordidness of provincial respectability—witness Anouilh's latest film, *Deux Sous de Violettes*. No doubt, in the case of the proletariat, as one writer put it, "the problems of everyday existence are their best safeguard against Existentialism"; yet some sort of sub-existentialism exists here, too. In a small hotel in one of the industrial suburbs of Paris, where I lived recently for some months, the succession of maids who served in the restaurant all had children, all had been abandoned by their husbands or lovers, and lived in a kind of nightmare of tips, nappies, unpaid bills and dreary sex. Everywhere the "unbalanced fringe" is increasing, for one reason or another, and it is not confined to St.-Germain-des-Prés or to the middle class. Obsession with a "Russion invasion" has largely become a thing of the past, but there is no love for America. There is hatred in some cases, and a more or less concealed distaste in others, arising partly out of a feeling of cultural superiority (for nothing is less true than that the French have an inferiority complex) and, more still, because of the atomic "catastrophism" that has, consciously or unconsciously, coloured every French mind.

The *mal du siècle*, for lack of a better word, is not common to France; it is common to the whole of Western Europe, including Britain; but geography has given France a greater sense of military (though not economic) insecurity, and history a greater distrust of her institutions. And perhaps the French think harder and have, therefore, more bad dreams.

ALEXANDER WERTH.

Utility

TWO special complaints against the Purchase Tax have recently been receiving publicity. First, home manufacturers say that the tax, by depressing the domestic market for high quality goods, is making exports more difficult. Secondly, foreign producers and governments maintain that the tax exemption for utility goods is a breach of the Geneva General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.

The complaint that high Purchase Tax impedes exports clearly cannot be true for all goods or all trades. For, remember, exports themselves are all tax-free. Obviously the Purchase Tax on motor-cars (and since 1950 on lorries) has not impeded exports. If anything, it has helped them, by restraining home demand and inducing manufacturers to concentrate their energies more on export markets. This must be so where the total demand, home and foreign (as in the motor trade as a whole), exceeds the industry's capacity. But it may not be so where the capacity exceeds demand. For instance, in the Budget of 1950, the Government accepted the argument that, in the case of the few very expensive cars mainly made by specialist firms like Rolls-Royce, Bristol Aircraft, and Daimler, the very high price was keeping demand and production down so low as to make economical production, and so exports, difficult. Partly for the same reason the tax on radio sets was lowered from 66⅔ per cent. to 33⅓ per cent. in 1948. At any rate, in these cases, the Government gave the industry's argument the benefit of the doubt—whether or not the results showed it afterwards to be justified.

The main (though by no means the whole) complaint, however, comes from the textile

manufacturers. Many of them are deeply convinced that Purchase Tax on high-quality textiles so limits the home demand as to make economic production of the high-quality non-utility types impracticable, and therefore limits exports. Alternatively it is said that, where exports cannot be sold, the tax makes them unsaleable on the home market also. Even though 80 per cent. or 90 per cent. of the home trade is now utility and so tax free, it has never been proved that these difficulties are widespread. It must be possible in many cases, for instance, for a firm to produce large quantities of utility goods for the home market, and smaller quantities of non-utility partly for home and partly for export. In other cases it may not; and the problem is to distinguish one case from another.

The truth seems to be that the argument for relief, among both textiles and other goods, must be proved trade by trade and product by product—though there is of course a limit, particularly in textiles, to the extent to which different rates can be applied to only slightly different goods. Here the "anomalies" raise their horrid heads again. But the existing machinery of Purchase Tax Orders for carrying out minor changes, and the close contact between the Customs and Excise and the trade associations, make it perfectly practicable to give reliefs where a special case can be proved.

The second complaint—that of foreign manufacturers against the tax exemption for utility goods—is really a threat to the whole Utility Scheme, and the great benefits in quality and low price which that scheme has brought. At present, virtually no foreign goods are certified as utility, and therefore tax exemption does not apply to them. This, runs the argument, is a discrimination in favour of British goods, and therefore an infringement of G.A.T.T. I am not convinced that this argument is valid. If, say, Dutch or Swiss or French goods can be shown, on the same test as British, to be of utility standards, then they should qualify for exemption. If they cannot be so shown, they surely do not merit exemption; nobody is discriminating.

It is suggested, however, that we should accept this flimsy argument, and get out of the difficulty by applying the Purchase Tax in future to utility goods or even abandon the Utility Scheme altogether. Naturally all those who really hanker after a flat-rate sales tax (like the Tory Purchase Tax of 1940) tend to seize on this G.A.T.T. argument as an excuse. They are joined by manufacturers who dislike the restraints of Utility. Once accept the G.A.T.T. argument, and you are in the following dilemma. Either you must sever the link between utility and tax exemption, and so impose Purchase Tax on utility goods (which the Labour Government always refused to do); or you must remove Purchase Tax altogether from the trades where Utility Schemes exist—and this is impracticable because of the loss of revenue involved. The former solution would mean taxing goods now tax-free and would be a major blow at the whole principle of Fair Shares. Doubtless, utility standards have been allowed to become more and more relaxed in the last few years, in a rather doctrinaire pursuit of de-control for de-control's sake. But it would nevertheless be a grievous blow (and an unnecessary one) at the housewife, if the link between tax exemption and utility standards were lost—and still more so if those standards were abandoned.

I am sure that the severance of the link between tax-exemption and Utility (which I believe the Tories are contemplating) would be a mortal blow to the Utility Schemes. Tax exemption has been one big incentive which has induced

THE JOB IS NEVER DONE

One of the inescapable facts about Reformers, social and political, is just this—*whether he is in power or out of it, the Reformer's job is never done.* If he is in power, he is busy translating into effect, through slow legislative process and in the teeth of obdurate and unexpected facts and unpredicted popular reactions, the policies that were worked out in the calm of opposition. If he has lost power, he is endeavouring to draw the lessons from his previous experience, to see what went wrong and what went right, and why; while at the same time he bends his mind to prepare for the future—to consider, if he be a Socialist, what is the gap between what he has achieved and the ideal of a Socialist society, and how it can be crossed. There can be no let-up.

This fact has become abundantly clear in the experience of the last half-dozen years. In 1945 the Labour Party won power on a clear programme, drawn largely, as this journal has pointed out time and again, from the results of Fabian research and discussion over fifty years. This programme the Labour Government carried out is in itself a remarkable achievement.

But it did not, any more than the Reformers of 1832, thereby produce the new world which those who ardently canvassed for *Let Us Face the Future* had at the back of their hopes and energies. New worlds are not made so easily; not merely were the external conditions after two world wars difficult beyond anticipation, the domestic changes themselves, even when most badly needed, involved problems of administration, of personality, of objective sufficiently stiff to tax the best brains of the day. In addition, there were many who said: "This may be in effect a revolution as you and our scandalised former governors say—but it is not Socialism. Where is your Socialism?"

So—back on the job again; and the Fabian Society, which last appealed to you in these columns in 1949, is returning to ask you again to join and to support it in its attempt, week in and week out, to re-think, on Socialist lines, the fundamental issues of our time. Since we last wrote to you, the value of our work has been more and more recognised within the organisations which make up the Labour Movement: Trade Unions and Co-operative Societies have become our patrons, and for their generous help we are most grateful. Encouraged by this, we have carried out a formidable programme of pamphlets, books, lectures, Summer Schools and Conferences; we have initiated top level inquiry into the actual experiences and lessons of Labour-in-Power, and we have sent to press a volume of *New Fabian Essays* which faces the problems of this century as *Fabian Essays*, sixty years old, faced those of its own time—and are planning another.

But our resources are insufficient. They always are; but now, with spiralling costs of production, and an ever-increasing demand that the Fabian Society should do something, write something, publish something, about this and that, they look more slender than ever in comparison with the work to be done. As any visitor will see for himself, the resources are stretched to the limit; there is not a sixpence, not a square foot of room, or a piece of useable paper wasted. But if we are to do good work in the coming difficult times, we want more help. Will you join—as a member or associate—or send a donation?

One word more. The Fabian Society, as most people know, has no "orthodoxy." It consists of Socialists, and is part and parcel of the Labour Party. But it runs no candidates, puts forward no resolutions, lays down no creed. Its publications bear the names of their authors and commit nobody. For this reason, it is free, as no official body can be free, to try out suggestions, to make proposals to the Labour movement which can then be discussed, and accepted or rejected without misunderstanding. This, in these days, is, we believe, one of its most valuable functions.

JOHN PARKER (*Chairman*)
H. D. HUGHES (*Vice-Chairman*)
MARGARET COLE (*Hon. Sec.*)
JOHN DIAMOND (*Hon. Treasurer*)
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manufacturers to produce utility goods, in spite of the irksome control on quality. The Purchase Tax has thus been successfully used to guarantee the housewife better quality than she has ever had, at a relatively low price. Naturally, the manufacturers and the collectors tend to combine in an unholy alliance to sweep away all this complication, and substitute the sweet simplicity of a flat rate sales tax on all textiles. Admirable for the producer and tax-gatherer—but grossly oppressive and unjust to the housewife, who always comes off worst when the organised interests get their way. The Labour Government consistently defended the consumer against these conspiracies; but I fear the Tories—who never care for the consumer except at Election time—will now give way. Even if they don't abolish utility standards altogether, they will most probably sever the link with tax exemption.

The right way out of the alleged difficulty over G.A.T.T. is to arrange for imported goods to be given the utility mark and Purchase Tax exemption, if they duly qualify for it. This is not administratively easy. But I do not believe that it is impossible; for the onus of proof (in showing a product to be of utility standards) should be on the foreign manufacturer.

What then should be the general future of Purchase Tax? On many details we must await the Douglas Committee's conclusions. But, subject to this, the following principles seem to me clear enough. We should preserve Purchase Tax as primarily a tax on luxuries and semi-luxuries; and we should steadily exempt the few remaining household necessities of the ordinary working-class family which are still taxed. The rate at which this is done must obviously, in any year, depend on other Budget obligations. We must also be prepared to use the Purchase Tax for encouraging exports or Defence production, influencing investment, saving fuel, or any other major social aim. A case for relief on grounds of alleged harm to exports must be made out trade by trade. Finally, we must preserve the Utility Schemes, and the link between Utility and tax exemption, as a major weapon in keeping down living costs and maintaining the fair shares principle. Imported goods should be allowed to claim exemption, when, but only when, it can be shown that they conform with utility standards.

DOUGLAS JAY

Helicopters

You climb into the aircraft and the pilot, just in front of you, turns in his chair to shake hands. A notice asks you, if you want to make requests of him during the flight, to write notes in preference to shouting. The passenger seat (there's only one) is of a size with the back seat of an American car. There may be one or two other passengers; if not, you are asked to sit at one side and two bags of lead shot are put on the other side to balance you—of course, you've been weighed. The pilot chats for a few minutes; there are only five pilots, he says, and he has taken over for a friend who has 'flu. He peers anxiously at the clouds; with our one engine we're not allowed to fly above them, so we shan't get through if it rains too hard. However, he soon makes the engine roar just by your ears, remarks "We're off"—and, before you know it, you're in the air.

I wasn't born at the time, but veteran flyers tell me that the gay, informal, rather adventurous atmosphere recalls a Channel flight thirty years ago. But this is B.E.A.'s Birmingham service by helicopter. We have only another full year to fly in this pioneering manner, for the Bristol 173, a fourteen-seater helicopter, may well be in service in 1953, and then a hop by helicopter will be no more exciting than a flight in a Viking.

The helicopter has a rather odd history; it is new, yet it is as old as the aeroplane. When flying caught the imagination of engineers toward the end of the last century, there was as much talk of the rotor-plane as of the fixed-wing aircraft; designers of the former, inspired partly by drawings, which have been proved sound, from the pencil of Leonardo da Vinci, had a good chance of winning the race. But, as it turned out, the Wright brothers got there first, and thereafter the money was put (in every sense) on the aeroplane. The helicopter languished, partly because aeroplanes forged ahead, partly because designers turned aside from the true rotor-plane to the autogiro. This machine—Cierva flew the first one in 1923—marked a step forward in many respects; but its blades were rotated by air force instead of being power-driven, so it lacked the distinguishing qualities of the helicopter: ability to rise and descend vertically, and ability to hover. It is this latter which has made it possible, *inter alia*, for enthusiasts to watch the Boat Race and for Americans to drop leaflets over Communist rallies in East Berlin. Finally it had to be recognised that the autogiro had no advantages over the light 'plane. Various true helicopters were got into the air, the first being during World War I in Hungary, but a practical model was evolved only in 1939, by Igor Sikorsky.

During the last war work was halted in this country, but went ahead in the U.S.A. The Americans are still in the lead, and the machines now flying for B.E.A. are Sikorskys—either American-made or a British version manufactured in the Westland works at Yeovil. But Bristol's 171, a home design, is now in production; the prototype of the 173 has already made trial flights; and much larger designs are on the drawing-boards. The Americans, with their great inter-urban distances, show little interest in passenger services by helicopter and are working mainly on machines for military or for agricultural (spraying) purposes. It seems that the future of the helibus, to use one of the compounds popular in this business but unsanctioned by Fowler, lies in this country. Vague reports come from Russia of a twin-engined helicopter, the Bratukin, carrying 32 passengers.

The helicopter can do a great variety of odd jobs. It has hovered to calibrate radar aerials and to find B.B.C. signal strengths. Forest wardens use it to spot fires. It will come in handy in several ways for the police. And it has already carried thirty tons of cement to repair a dam in the Welsh mountains, at a place otherwise accessible only by mule. Postal services by helicopter—though a mail run was put on in Norfolk for experience—will never be economic unless extra stamps are required for inland airmail, but post can be carried on passenger helicopters.

B.E.A. has run two pioneer passenger services—between Cardiff and Liverpool in the summer of 1950, and between London and Birmingham last year. Existing machines being so small, both were experiments run at a calculated loss, but the Corporation is well satisfied with the experience gained and with the reactions of the passengers. The trip from Cardiff to Liverpool took two hours; train time is five and a half. A "comment card" completed by a Merseyside business man speaks for most of the rest. He liked the saving of time, the informality, the unrestricted view, and being in close touch with the pilot. But he thought the fare too high for regular use, felt cramped, and was once gravely incommoded by the lack of a lavatory.

These cards also show what sort of people used the service. Business reasons took 42 per cent. of them into the air, 20 were flying from interest in helicopters, the rest for personal or holiday motives. Their usual way of covering the trip was: by car 32 per cent., first-class train 38, third-class train 30. Asked if they would use the service again, 53 per cent. said "always" and 44 per cent. "sometimes," while three per cent. rudely replied "never." As for the Birmingham service, it was primarily designed for Midlanders changing to or from a plane on a Continental route, since the coach trip to Northolt makes the time saved over the train, if one starts from central London, almost negligible.

This brings us to the main problem in the development of helicopter travel—the rotor station, or air-stop, or whatever name will catch the general fancy. The 173 will have a range of 310 miles, and will fly, obviously, over short distances with several stops en route. With fourteen seats, its fares will be reasonable; but it cannot hope to attract custom while it uses existing aerodromes—we grumble at those coach journeys even when we are bound for Rome or Copenhagen. The small helicopters are forbidden to fly over built-up areas or water, a sensible precaution since they have only one engine. When the 173, twin-engined and twin-rotored, comes on the scene, air-stops near the centres of our towns will be an urgent need.

A terminal station might measure as much as 400 by 400 feet; stops in minor towns could be smaller. It is undesirable to put them bang in the middle of cities, because of the surrounding high buildings, the smoke, and the risk of traffic jams in nearby streets. All the same, they must be pretty close in. In London, two sites are being canvassed, both within two miles of Eros. Opinion in helicircles (to coin a compound of my own) is divided between ground sites, probably bombed areas, and rooftops. The latter would give the station a rent income; the type of building most favoured is a multi-storey garage. I ought to mention, too, the suggestion of one expert, who wants a roof built over the main span of eighty-foot-wide Waterloo Bridge. In smaller towns, an air-stop could be a field in the outskirts and still be easy of access. It is so much cheaper to create and maintain than an aerodrome, that a place of 100,000 or even 50,000 people could support one; the bitterness in the breasts of citizens of (for instance) Swansea, which has never quite rated an aerodrome, would be assuaged.

After some investigation, I for one fully share the optimism of the heliprophets. The large helicopter will fly at about 140 miles an hour. When central departure points exist, it will get the passenger from his London home to the middle of Paris, Amsterdam, or Dublin faster than the aeroplane and two coaches he now uses, as well as more comfortably. But the main use of the helicopter will be over short distances in this country. If B.E.A. is sensible enough to keep formality at a minimum, and if we can buy tickets at the rotor station as at Euston or Victoria Coach Terminus, without the airport routine of passenger lists and calls by loudspeaker, the idea of taking the helicopter at short notice will soon catch on, whether for the business man who must spend a morning in Sheffield, or for the family who decide that it's a nice day for Brighton. Bad weather will seldom be a hindrance if the stringent aviation rules, made for aeroplanes which cannot fly as low or as slowly as helicopters, are relaxed; anyway, the Cardiff-Liverpool service in a wet summer, had a regularity of 96.5 per cent. If a network of air-stops is established, we shall

be able to fly on those infuriating journeys which, though short, are so desperately tortuous by rail—like Oxford to Cambridge, or Worthing to Southampton, or anywhere in South Wales to anywhere in North Wales. Sir Miles Thomas recently proclaimed that no place on earth is more than thirty hours from any other place by jet liner. No place in England need be more than five hours from any other place by helicopter.

MERVYN JONES

High Horse

WHEN I first set foot in England I went to see the editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, who asked me to write an article on my native province, Northern Ireland. Mounted on this high horse and armed with the excaliburating sword called "Of Course," I proceeded to set about me. In no time at all I had slain about half a dozen Ulster Cabinet Ministers; and, having the advantage of surprise, I over-ran a number of strongly undefended political positions. Heartened by this, I withdrew, and windmilled my way successfully to the point from which I had started—silence; then I went home, home to my far parish in Northern Ireland.

It too was silent. No bells rang to warn or welcome me. Only the bird sang darkly on the bough, and the ploughman dragged his blind rope of earth across the indifferent fields. All was as it had been; neighbours were courteous as ever, hands and doors were open as always. And yet, from behind the drawn blinds of courtesy their eyes looked askance, and in the uneasy silences of our conversation the dust of unanswered questions hung large. I was puzzled. What was the matter? I was never one to put all my begs in one ask-it, so I waited warily.

"It's this way," said my friend the horse-dealer, to me at long last. "Damn the one in these four townlands ever heard tell of THE NEW STATESMAN afore. But no sooner was yon article of yours out than, dang it, if there weren't fifteen copies of the blasted thing flyin' like wasps round the parish. There's neither chick nor child that hasn't been stung into talk. It's a holy terror, I'm tellin' you—the Lodges are fair flamin', and the men are hardly to have or to hold. You should hear them, the way they're gettin' on."

Now I knew what I had done. Lulled by the careless English climate, I had written an article that had a relaxing air of impartiality about it. For I had tried to put the case for Protestant and Catholic in a fair and objective way. And that, as any Irishman knows, is nonsense; to be objective in such matters is to be objectionable, and to be neither here nor there. One simply must be involved or "engaged." In the course of the late census in Northern Ireland, a local policeman who had collected the returns had reason to call on an English colonel. "I'm sorry to be bothering you, sir," said he, producing the filled-in paper, "but it's about this class of a question here. You say you are an agnostic. Now would you mind making the answer just a wee bit fuller? Could you say whether you're a Protestant agnostic or a Catholic agnostic?"

"I'm damned if I know what's to be done about it," said my friend the horse-dealer, looking at the grossly impartial article as if it stank. "But something——" There was only one thing to do if I wanted to live peaceably among my people. I went round the corner and got my temper up and came back to fight for impartiality. Then, word for word, and man by man, I tackled my detractors. The heady battle, the hard exchange of argument, the unforgiving riposte—this was something they understood, and in no time at all the impartial air had gone with the wind and we were the warmest of enemies.

A few weeks later, I was elected to the council of the local political party I was at war with. I was embarrassed. What could I do but decline, since, as they well knew, I could not subscribe to their principles? I wrote a letter to this effect, and took it to my friend the horse-dealer to have it vetted. He put on his spectacles and conned it carefully. "I like the wee bit at the end, thanking them for their gesture of good-will and confidence," said he, meaning that he couldn't make head or tail of the rest of it. Principles, my foot! It was people he was after. So I took the letter home and re-wrote it. This time I objected, not to the principles of the party, but to two particular members whom I named and who had lately annoyed me. Though they were his closest friends—and mine too for that matter—the horse-dealer was satisfied. "That'll do the trick!" said he, waving the letter with the fine impartiality of the producer who cares more for the play of acrimony than for the actors. And off he went, whistling on his horse.

It is this over-riding feeling for drama that marks the Irish mind and makes the conduct of its hates so civil and accommodating. The Ulsterman dearly loves an enemy; he feeds on faction and he will always choose the split image in words or the split society in war; but he knows in his bones that, in this play of contraries, each half hangs and hinges on the other. Tension is all.

"He's not a man!" said a Unionist platform-speaker of his Labour opponent, in the last Belfast elections, "he's not a man, he's a louse in the arm-pit of Popery." The dramatic phrase was relished by both Catholic and Protestant because of its pungency. But when another Unionist speaker so far forgot himself as to cry "To hell with the Pope!" he was at once roundly rebuked by his own party, who rightly realised that such a scorched-earth policy would be the death of all decent animosity and responsible belligerency.

Enmity has its obligations and, in these piping days of peace-making among nations, it behoves all men of ill-will to hold together in a not-too-fatal embrace. Two Irish tenants lay in wait one night for their abominable landlord, to shoot him: the anxious hours passed and he failed to appear. "I hope to God nothing has happened to the poor man," whispered one of them. An enemy is a gilt-edged investment, a thing not lightly to be lost, and his fall involves us sorely. The Irish mind understands this dichotomy because it understands people even if it understands nothing else. "God is good and the devil isn't bad, thank God," said an old Ulster road-mender. In the end, good and evil, friend and foe are one and indivisible, and mutually indestructible, to the Irishman. With him, the play's the thing, and it is the serious play of life, not of death. He may split his images, he may split his society, he may split his country, but always and only in the most loving and involved way. He would never be guilty of such a deadly act of detachment as the splitting of the atom, such a land's-end and last-ditch impartiality.

Still, it takes all sorts to make a world, and if there wasn't the one sort there wouldn't be the other. Let the Englishman practise detachment and pollard his green willows in a dry season; and let the Irishman practise involvement and break never a twig of his fairy-thorn for fear it might bleed. And may the one ever live to be a thorn in the flesh of the other, for good and for all.

W. R. RODGERS.

The Arts and Entertainment

TWO SYMPHONIES

LAST week we had an opportunity to hear symphonies by two young English composers who are beginning to make their mark in the world. Both were second performances, and both were broadcast. John Gardner's First Symphony in D minor was relayed from the Festival Hall in the course of a Royal Philharmonic Society concert given by the Hallé Orchestra under Sir John Barbirolli. On the following night Peter Racine Fricker's Second Symphony, commissioned by the city of Liverpool as part of its Festival of Britain celebrations, received a repeat performance by the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra under Hugo Rignold.

Far apart in vocabulary and idiom, the two symphonies are alike in nothing but their confident approach. Both composers know just what they want to say; they forge ahead without hesitation; and if at some points we in the audience lose contact, it is more than likely that the faulty connection is at our own end of the wire. Not that the Gardner symphony is a problem piece; on the contrary, it seems destined for considerable popularity. At its first performance it struck me as "an impressively self-confident and brilliant production, the work of a thorough musician with romantic leanings and considerable intellectual power." I noted also "its masculine vigour, its large grasp of structure, and its proud indifference to fashion," meaning to indicate thereby the composer's welcome freedom from the usual inhibitions of our time. He is sure of himself, and sees no need to disguise his romantic sympathies. Much of what he has to say can be said within the framework of traditional harmony; when he feels the need to step outside this framework, his harmony remains an immediately expressive and communicative language.

His symphony is based on a motto-theme, but mercifully does not work it to death; it abounds in fresh and beautiful ideas which live their own life and do not exist merely to demonstrate their interesting family connections. The scoring is of the varied and colourful kind that incites players and conductor (as on this occasion) to give of their best. At the first hearing, I thought that the orchestral writing lapsed too easily into the picturesque and the sumptuous; but that impression may have been partly due to the small and highly resonant Cheltenham auditorium. At any rate, the more highly coloured elements now begin, with familiarity, to fall into place in the general scheme, although there will always be those who prefer the charming lightweight Scherzo to the other, more pungent and emphatic, movements.

Mr. Racine Fricker's musical personality is more fastidious, though perhaps less spontaneous, than that of Mr. Gardner; he always tends to take what Schnabel used to call "the line of most resistance." It is a fair assumption that most of Mr. Gardner's ideas, if they happened to occur to Mr. Fricker, would be instantly rejected. I don't wish to imply that he courts obscurity for its own sake, but that his temperament is naturally more reserved and inward-looking; he writes with less awareness of the listener. His music, at once more volatile and more severe, has been described as grey—a description which seems to me exaggerated if applied to the quietly beautiful Violin Concerto; but I must admit that this Second Symphony, by contrast with Mr. Gardner's rich and glowing canvas, inhabits a sombre and monochrome world. Nevertheless, it is neither dry nor dull. In his subdued manner, Mr. Fricker is capable of considerable pathos, as appears in a striking sequence over a regular drum-beat in (I think) the first movement; and his structure, when we succeed in following it, appears gracefully taut; see, for example, the neat and epigrammatic conclusion to the same movement. The central slow movement, not very different in pulse from its predecessor, walks with grave moderation towards a tense but unrhetorical climax, beautifully laid out in widely spaced lines. The finale seems to revert to a more conventional type of modern Allegro, with busy Hindemithian figuration and brief declamatory outbursts on the brass.

But all these are first impressions and in listening to so uncompromising a composer as Mr. Fricker we cannot at once feel sure that we have got hold of the right end of the stick. The great problem for the listener is whether it is worth his while to persevere, perhaps at long intervals, with music whose drift is initially so difficult to follow. In practice, we tend to make this effort when the music, however obscure, displays a strong personality, appearing to proceed from a powerful forward impulse and not to have been laboriously "manufactured." Enough has now been heard of Mr. Fricker's music to show that, in his case, the effort is always worth while. He is less obviously English than Mr. Gardner, and perhaps more exportable, no doubt; but between them they speak well for the vitality and variety of contemporary English music.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"Quo Vadis," at the Carlton and the Ritz
"Isle of Sinners," at the New Gallery

"Orgy-porgy"—ran the slogan in Mr. Huxley's crystal-gazing fantasy—"orgy-porgy brings release." And here, at the Carlton and the Ritz (luxurious names), is the biggest slice of orgy-porgy we've been offered for a long time. The sun sparkles, in Technicolor, on Rome; chariots race abreast with the drivers brandishing whips at one another; slaves (male) are flogged, slaves (female) are subjected to horrible insult; innocent and loving maidens have to fend off the embraces of lustful commanders, fresh from Britain; faithful giants hurl night-prowling gladiators into the Tiber; the two couched leopards of the Empress are less dangerous than her eyes; Nero warbles to the lyre Carlovingian ditties of his own invention; Christ is crucified, Rome burnt, and through sewers the population flees in time for the games—lion-mauling, roast Christian, man wrestling with bull; and thumbs down, says Nero, but thumbs up, roars the crowd, and then there's an echoing suspense in the empty palace where Nero pleads with his concubine to press home the dagger, before the mob irrupts. That's not the half of it either, for I see I've forgotten a fine double artery cutting in the Roman fashion, reclined, at dinner; and down in the catacombs St. Peter has given an uninterrupted ten minutes' exposition of Christianity for the sake of those who don't easily recall their New Testament. To say nothing of victory parades, trumpets, eunuchs, baths, blood, dancing girls, etc.: all adding up to the certificate "X." But, after two and three-quarter hours, has orgy-porgy brought release? Not to me, not to me!

From the ruins of Rome I pick out a few bright fragments: the entry of the lions into the arena, Leo Genn's thoughtful Petronius, Buddy Baer and the bull, and the Nero of Peter Ustinov. But for the latter, indeed, I should have found the film quite intolerably tedious: he gives us a petulant, ogling slug with the dreams of a butterfly. His transition from enjoying the grossest flattery to a suspicion that it is not genuine is especially pleasing. Not Nero, perhaps, not corruption itself; but corruption's little brother. And now we can joyously banish the whole affair, safe for at least a year from the romance and wickedness of old Rome.

Serious Christianity—in contrast with the wizard martyrdoms of *Quo Vadis*—will meet the visitor to the New Gallery; and I wish that the film were comparably serious. But, by the finest of shades, it is not. Its theme is a backward fishermen's isle off the Brittany coast in the last century: the inhabitants wreck a ship and plunder it, the priest is driven out, and after awhile a pseudo-priest, out of the people, mounts the pulpit in his place. Rare conflict, strange people, noble scenery: then why do these passions fail to grip? One answer is that, to a non-Catholic, the points of doctrine involved seem as remote as argument a lamasery; and that the director has mistaken sectarian warmth for dramatic power. He inflates his characters. On the quay, at home, in church, they below and roar. A climax is reached with priest and anti-priest yelling at one another nose to nose and with their hands over their ears. Jean Delannoy is the director of a hot undistinguished film that misses the appeal of his *Symphonie Pastorale*, and the part of the heretic is well played by Pierre Fresnay.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

TRAGEDY, heroism, pathos, nobility, and other such concepts are not subjective; that is (the point is not an easy one to make) they don't properly exist in the people who are being tragic or courageous, but in the impact their behaviour makes on an outside mind. The average feature programme concerned, as it so often is, with deeds of daring and endurance, has a way of missing this truth; its dramatic flashbacks have a high-pitched, *wrong* quality: I am heroic; I am noble, the voices seem required to say. One of the many virtues of the Nansen programme, *The Slowest Journey in the World* (produced by Edward Livesey, written by Gerik Schjelderup), was that it did not impose these ready-made feelings on the listener. A more histrionic and strident programme would certainly have left us less moved than this restrained presentation, with its air of practical calm, its well-knit construction, and its consistent use of authentic material—particularly in the dialogue—from the expedition's journals.

The Goshawk makes an odd juxtaposition, which it would be tempting (if space allowed) to analyse. I can only say that by some magic of adapting and producing (both the work of Nesta Pain) it turned into something very much like poetry—a little tragedy of endurance, battle and loss, almost faultless in acting and design. In the broadcast what was petty, tiresome or disagreeable in the fascinating book from which it was taken seemed to vanish. The outside world disappeared; the author became a symbolic, anonymous figure—the Man opposed to the bird; all other human characters were removed; the weather—sun, gale, and the ruthless final storm—remained. Something sinister did remain, too, admittedly; it is implicit in the subject. But the voluptuous voice of Roger Livesey conveyed so magnificently the burden of love and loss, that curious moral questionings fell away.

I don't know what has gone wrong with *Letter to Posterity*. The idea was excellent; the speakers representative enough of their different fields of action. Yet the whole thing is damp; it fails to ignite. The messages, on the whole, are not only parochial but confused. Perhaps the best so far has been that of Dr. Bronowski, which had at least a cheerful positiveness, and made the refreshing point that science and poetry are not irreconcilables. But a later speaker, the Warden of Merton, may have bothered Posterity by taking a different view. Joyce Cary, a particular disappointment, was vague and uneasy. Was it possible, I began to wonder, to give a *living* talk in this setting? The answer came on Sunday evening, in Michael Tippett's brilliant *Moving into Aquarius* which, though not in the *Posterity* series, was far more suitable than any of the talks that were. Those who did not hear it may have another chance on February 8. Compton Mackenzie's wise and elegant talk, *A Week on the Way to Seventy*, also stood out from the commonplaces of broadcasting. This speaker ranged from a graceful thrust at "the sacred topic of athletic exercise" to a salute to Mnemosyne, the living memory, on whom he called with sharp or tender effectiveness, not

forgetting the miseries while recalling the colour and charm of a half-century ago, and more.

It was a pity that that interesting work *The Angel in the House*—surely one of the most complacent serious poems ever written—should have been presented in so pious a spirit (by a relative of the author); that it should have been read without the verve which the metre undoubtedly possesses, and that there should have been so much "cheating" in the selection of the verses. I deplore unfair guying, such as Mrs. Hemans, for instance, quite unjustly received in a recent broadcast. But Patmore's extraordinary piece of Victoriana, if put on without comment or cutting, would need no pointing finger to astonish the listener with a sense of its period.

Few readers of this column heard, I suppose, Moultrie R. Kelsall's story *The Bells* (very well read by the author) on the Children's Hour programme on the work of the Scottish lifeboat cox'n Duncan Newlands, by his young daughter. Each in its way was admirable. The second, vivid, unpretentious, and charmingly told, would surely have given pleasure to an adult audience.

NAOMI LEWIS

Graham Sutherland's Portrait of Lord Beaverbrook, at the Tate

Within one week I have changed my mind three times about this painting. Obviously it is at first sight a striking picture and obviously it is a good likeness. The problem, however, is more complicated than that. What Sutherland has done, it seems, is similar to what he did in many of his previous landscapes—and, for that matter, in the Maugham portrait. He has selected details which he considers significant and has interpreted them with an originally vivid emphasis. The creases of the sitter's smile, the creases of his good suit, the dryness of his brown hands—these acquire a stark intensity. Yet a wrinkle is not the same thing as a briar, and one can argue that whereas in his landscapes Sutherland selected organic, self-sufficient details, and, transcending their scale, removed them from their context; here he has been forced to select details which are not self-sufficient and to overemphasise them *within* their context. Can the odd power of folds, furrows and high-lights carry the spectator's imagination over the weakness of the solid masses on which they should depend? Can the tactile reality of the hands resting on the lap compensate for the loss of any clear sense of recession? Does it matter that the head, although very compelling, lacks weight—and so looks rather like a mask from the Ballet Jooss? Is it sufficient that in the whole design of the canvas the energy of the fragmentary "bits" is so concentrated that one can overlook the broken discomfort of the general arrangement? The reader must answer these questions for himself. Personally I am inclined to think that this is a painting of distinct but eccentric character, and that its fascination depends upon the contradiction between its brittle, superficial but imaginatively charged naturalism and its fundamental unreality.

J. B.

"Sunset in Knightsbridge," at the Westminster

An ex-musical comedy belle, relict of a lecherous knight, faced with the choice between boredom or exploitation, since she believes she is as old as she feels; her daughter, married to an oafish bully; her stepson, middle-aged, ineffectual, finding his deepest experience in the miseries of those he loves. The whole set in a large characterless-looking flat situated in that waste land of the heart that lies behind Harrod's. Out of these elements, based on a novel by Pamela Hansford Johnson, Ireland Wood has constructed his melodrama. Though, like all melodramas, it holds the interest, its central situation is farcical. The grotesqueness of Lady Archer's parasites is only matched by the grotesque silliness of the lady's own behaviour. Instead of pity, we feel only the profoundest irritation, and the evening yields little more than two or three exciting scenes and a certain shy wit that pervades the play's quieter moments. Olga Lindo battles gallantly with Lady Archer. Every point is made, every nuance effected, every trick brought into play. The result is a brilliant technical performance, whose vitality merely heightens the discrepancies in Lady Archer's character. Such a lively old lady would never have succumbed to such incompetent charmers. She would have found her Waterloo on the Riviera. Nora Nicholson provides an admirable sketch of a white-haired *mauvaise langue* and Jenny Laird is deeply moving as the daughter. As her husband, Bryan Coleman gives one of the most caricatured performances that I can ever remember seeing in the theatre. This is surely the result of uninspired, mechanical production. Marian Spencer and John Wood are effectively odd and nasty as the pair of plunderers. The play owes most to Anthony Ireland's sensitive, finely controlled performance as the stepson. This is the kind of acting that one thinks of with pleasure long after the occasion for it has vanished from memory.

J. N. B. R.

The Society for Twentieth Century Music, at Hampstead

The new society drew about 250 people this week to its inaugural concert, the first of six Monday recitals in the Hampstead Town Hall. L.C.M.C. audiences seem largely made of critics, composers and publishers—the converted; they were there at Hampstead too, but the new society ought to draw a wider public. For the programmes include not only first performances but also—more generally attractive—the "classics" of contemporary music; at the second concert, on February 11th, for instance, *Pierrot Lunaire* and Milhaud's *Machines Agricoles*; later a first hearing of Copland's enchanting sextet, and Schoenberg's *Ode to Napoleon* (Speaker: Dr. Sitwell). The staple of performers is the London Symphony Orchestra Chamber Ensemble, largely the leaders of their sections. Their playing was good, convinced, when Norman Del Mar led them through Varèse's *Octandre*: sound-manipulation the work may be, but the sounds are solid and stand up after a quarter-century—density oppressive in that resonant hall. Lambert's Li-Po poems seemed mild stuff for the young society, but his sophisticated and evocative piano concerto, played by Kyla Greenbaum, is the sort of revival it should thrive on. The new work was Dallapiccola's *Two Lyrics of Anacreon*, settings for voice, E flat and A clarinets, viola and piano. The first song is lyrical, pastoral in expression, the second emotional and dramatic. But the texture was uneasy—neither a blend, nor a contrast the play of whose lines could be appreciated in sound. The work could with advantage have been repeated on the spot, for twelve-note tunes can bewilder even the technique's most ready admirers. The society's secretary is Cyril Clarke, 6 Strathray Gardens, N.W.3.

A. P.

Correspondence

ROYAL VISIT

SIR,—We are simple people, the houses of the Amabantu are but poor. We have been loyal subjects of Queen Victoria and of her child and his child's child, His Majesty The King. We have fought for them in many wars, also we had no arms.

Explain to us then, Mr. Editor, is there in all the big Empire no house for the King to recover his health but the one of our enemy, Dr. Malan? If that is so we are glad. We love the King and he is welcome in our country.

Mr. Editor, when I was Sgt. in the N.M.C.-U.D.F. we had a song the end of every verse was:

"Is that friendship?"

and all the boys they answered all together

"No—No. He has slanderised your name!"

This has nothing to do with it but I keep on thinking of it.

ZEBULON DINIZULU

6 Redcliffe Street, S.W.10.

SIR,—It is suggested in your issue of January 19 that the King's stay in South Africa could be arranged "without affronting the deepest feelings of so many who wish him well" by the use of Dr. Malan's house.

Cancellation of the stay at Botha House, however, has surely been impracticable since the public announcement was made. The Crown, as you point

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out, stands apart from domestic politics. Cancellation now would place the King unquestionably on the side of those for whom (in your words) "the racial policies of Dr. Malan's Government are regarded as a betrayal of British standards of civilisation and humanity"; and, while that view of Dr. Malan's policy is almost universal here, the King is just as much precluded from sharing it (by implication or otherwise) as he is from supporting Dr. Malan.

But the unfortunate situation can at least be improved to a certain degree. It would not be practicable for the King to mark with favour those opposing Dr. Malan, for that would imply that his visit to Botha House was a mark of favour to Dr. Malan. What could be done, however, is for a limited number of public engagements to be undertaken at the close of the visit, carefully planned to underline the impartiality of the Crown in domestic matters. This is, of course, a most undesirable burden to place on the King at the moment, but it is hard to see any alternative which would not, to some extent, undermine the affection and respect which the Crown now commands. STUART HUDSON

"Lennox Lodge,"
59 Carlisle Road, Eastbourne.

SIR,—It is very regrettable that a matter primarily concerning His Majesty's health should have become a matter of political controversy, but I think that Mr. Stockwood's courageous letter suitably expresses the sentiments of many people in Britain.

Whether it is still possible for the King's advisers to have "second thoughts" about the visit I do not know, but perhaps there is some more positive way in which the Throne's symbolical significance for racial amity within the Commonwealth and Empire can be manifested. For example, a Royal invitation to some prominent African leader to visit London would, I believe, go a long way towards counteracting growing misgivings about British policy in the African continent. The attendant social publicity of such a visit might also help to alleviate the race problem at home—by allaying some of the class-colour prejudice which confronts many colonial students in Britain. KENNETH LITTLE

28 Drummond Place, Edinburgh.

SIR,—Regarding Dr. Malan's invitation to the King to stay at Botha House, Mr. Felix Kivell tells us that "English, African, Indian and Afrikaans South Africans were solidly behind it." What are his grounds for this belief? What opportunities have Africans and Indians to express their solidarity? Have such views been expressed on behalf of constituents by African or Indian members of the South African Parliament? Have the Herreros expressed approval? JAMES STRACHAN

18 West Road,
Saffron Walden, Essex.

POLITICS OF FREE ENTERPRISE

SIR,—Mr. Grant attacks John Cates for expressing what he, Mr. Grant, regards as a dog-in-the-manger attitude about profit-sharing schemes. A more serious charge against profit-sharing schemes, however, is not that they may "take away the glamour" from Socialism but that on any widespread scale they would bring about undesirable inflexibility and reduced mobility of labour.

It is the normal mechanism of labour deployment that workers should be attracted from one factory or industry to another as the economic need arises. In wartime, to promote speedy large-scale movements, we apply the cumbersome and often wasteful method of labour direction. In peacetime it is the incentive of higher wages and better conditions which naturally takes over. This mechanism tends to make the efficient firms more successful in the matter of competing for labour as they are normally in a better position to pay higher wages. The less efficient firms are forced either to raise their efficiency and their wages or do without labour which can be used to better advantage elsewhere. The effect of this is not necessarily inflationary as it must be presumed that the more efficient firms are basing their high wages on a high level of output.

Profit-sharing schemes tend to militate against this mechanism. The man with a number of shares in the company will feel disinclined to make a move. His general level of wages, even including his share of profits, may well be less than he can secure elsewhere, but the fact that he may secure a lump sum of, say, fifty pounds around about Christmas time may make him reluctant to move to a job, offering a higher overall wage, in which he might better serve the national interest. One can well imagine that if the majority of manufacturing firms had their labour tied up in this way the consequences would be a continual embarrassment to the most effective deployment of labour. Wastage of excessive labour turnover would be replaced by the wastage of stagnant pools of labour unwilling to flow to the places most needed.

In addition to all this there is substance in Mr. Cates' argument that co-partnership and profit-sharing schemes have not been conspicuous for the degree of *effective* control placed in the hands of the workers concerned. What is likely to be the case is that a wedge is driven between those workers holding substantial shares and the new entrants or others who do not. In cases of dispute a considerable diffusion of loyalties would show itself. In considering any large-scale application of profit-sharing we must weigh up whether it is worth sacrificing, for something which is superficially attractive, the substantial mobility of labour which at present exists and the fruits of the great improvement in industrial relations which has taken place since 1940. The straightforward way of distributing profits is through fair wages, output bonuses and consumer rebates where possible. It is a way which is free from the repercussions likely to follow widespread profit-sharing by the co-partnership method.

Burnham, Bucks. D. F. BELLAIRS

SIR,—John Cates's attack on the report of the Productivity Teams is wild caricature. I had the privilege of accompanying the first of the teams to the United States, as an outside observer, and I have read nearly all the reports issued since then. It is true that some of the teams accept American social ideas at the official American valuation, that some of their social judgments, based on a six-week stay, are superficial, and that some employers, who have clearly and perhaps inevitably had the greatest hand in writing the reports, reveal their envy of the ease with which American employers can introduce new methods, or operate shift systems. But surely this is quite natural and on the whole harmless since nobody—except some Americans—supposes for a moment that the American Way of Life, and production, can be exported as a packaged product to any other country with a long industrial tradition of its own.

What the teams have done is draw repeated attention to the efficiency of American management—and by inference to the inefficiency of British—and to the competitive *spirit* of American industry. This competitive spirit is a fact, despite Mr. Cates's selected statistics, and any consumer who has lived in both countries knows from experience that it is in marked contrast to the restrictive practices of British industry. For the rest, the reports are technical and I am not competent to judge them, but my own experience showed that the men who prepared them were made up of the more progressive managers and of serious craftsmen with strong trade union traditions. There is evidence that the reports have led to improved production in various industries, and have shaken at least some sections of industry out of the unquenchable complacency which British industry has maintained with such disastrous aplomb through both boom and slump.

The best production practices in Britain are—in relation to their respective social environments—as advanced as the best in the United States. Nevertheless, the average fall so far below the best in Britain that it was desirable to give industry some impetus in its desultory progress in production engineering, and the idea of the productivity teams was hit upon as one way of doing it. It has been an inexpensive way of placing a great deal of predigested technical information at the disposal of thousands of factories and some of them have done something about it.

7 Christ Church Road, S.W.14. HAROLD HUTCHINSON

MARKET GARDENS

SIR,—Mr. Gardener has at last admitted it. Tariffs are not the "whole answer" to the growers' problems. Better marketing is important, too. But, he says, "a measure of protection may be an essential prerequisite of the development of organised marketing." There is the crux of the argument between us. With all respect I would suggest to him that the history of horticultural tariffs over the last twenty years shows that "alternative to" would be a more accurate phrase than "prerequisite of." What serious move has been made towards better marketing since tariffs were first applied in 1932? What moves are being made to-day? What is the N.F.U.'s reaction to every proposal for improved distribution, such as the plan published recently by the British Socialist Agricultural Society to which I was a signatory? Has the N.F.U. urged growers to give it serious consideration? Alas, no! There has been the cold shoulder for better marketing, the outstretched hand for higher tariffs.

And so it will always be as long as the grower's attention is distracted from his true interests by the mirage of security which protection seems to offer. What a pity it is that the market gardener cannot see how he is being led to fix his hopes on an illusion. By another of his arguments Mr. Gardener gives his case away. He indignantly refutes the suggestion that higher specific import duties will increase the prices of fruit and vegetables and, in the case of our main crop vegetables and soft fruits, he is probably right. The reason is that we already produce at home all that we need of these crops and, as I pointed out in my article, imports to-day of basic vegetables are practically non-existent and of soft fruits negligible. But in the case of forced crops, where the home grower is *not* producing all we need, the situation is very different. It is nonsense for Mr. Gardener to suggest that an import duty of Xd per lb on, say, tomatoes will not put up the price when growers here are only producing half our requirements and can only meet the whole of them at uneconomic cost. Mr. Gardener must know that only 1% of the home tomato crop is marketed in May, so that the main needs of the housewives at this period have to be met from abroad, yet the N.F.U. is asking for a higher import duty on tomatoes coming in during this month, with the express purpose of raising their price. In short, it is the high cost glasshouse producer, and not the ordinary market gardener, whom the proposed specific duties will benefit.

As for Mr. Cox, is he really suggesting that this country ever can, or should be, self-sufficient in food? If we tried to be, we should drop to the bleak levels of living so graphically described by the Government's agricultural spokesman in the House of Lord's debate on November 27 last. To force food production up to uneconomic levels behind high tariff walls, far from enriching our standards of life with more typewriters and more motor cars, would depress it to the potato and porridge level.

House of Commons. BARBARA CASTLE

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a mistake in my letter under the heading "Market Gardens," that you were good enough to publish last week. I used the term "a porter's charge" when of course I meant to say the porterage charge. This charge is fixed by the salesman, not by the porter, but it is based upon the customs, practices and remuneration agreed with the trade union. I think I am correct in saying that if a grower chooses to unload his own produce he still has to pay the porterage charge.

JOHN BAKER WHITE

House of Commons.

EQUAL PAY

SIR,—Your correspondent A. G. Grant is mistaken in supposing that the worker's "need" is the determining factor in assessing his wage rate. If this were so, the tenth-rate labourer with six or eight children might be paid a higher rate than the musician, scientist or administrator, and the bachelor would always receive less than the widow supporting young children.

He is on surer ground when he admits that "many

salary levels have been set by trade union pressure," and, if and when women *can* be fully organised in sound *women's* unions, they, like men, will be able to enforce their claim for honest payment of their earnings in full. To-day there is a sellers' market for women's labour, and if women should take it into their heads at long last to insist on being paid the rate for the job—which would without question be paid to any *man*—they have only to enroll 100 per cent. in appropriate unions, fix a date for withdrawing the supply of their labour and then, give public notice that on that date they will put into practice the old English maxim "Redress of grievance before supply." Such a strike would secure prompt justice and there could be no victimisation.

As for professional women enjoying cars and foreign travel, many of them—in medicine, law, theatre and university appointments—do at present have equal pay with men, so the "inflation" bogy of Mr. Grant's last paragraph is irrelevant. As for the other salaried women—civil servants, teachers and industrial workers—his calm assumption that they, being mostly single women, have no need to save towards their old age is fantastic, as also his notion that it is always the married son who is burdened with aged and/or impecunious relatives; on the contrary, it is the unmarried daughter who far more often shoulders this responsibility.

Family needs are already subsidised to a considerable extent and, in so far as they require more, should be met by equitable provision, not by the systematic cheating of women of a proportion of their earnings on no other ground than that they are women.

Radlett. E. M. WHITE

SIR,—A misconception as to the role the "need" factor can and does play in the determination of national wage rates lies at the root of Mr. Grant's objection to equal pay. All wage rates must be sufficient to enable their recipient to cover his basic requirements for food, clothing, shelter, etc.: to this extent they are based on need. But the needs with which Mr. Grant is concerned are those arising from *additional family responsibilities* and a uniform national rate cannot, in the nature of the case, be attuned to the very unequal burden which dependency imposes on individual wage-earners, except in a very rough-and-ready manner. Thus, a wage based on the "typical" one- or two-child family would be excessive for almost half the male, married breadwinners. For, as shown by the Royal Commission on Equal Pay 1944-46 (par. 387), only about 55 per cent. of married men under 65 have children under 16. (This, incidentally, shows how men's family responsibilities are frequently overrated!) At the same time, it would leave all those with more than the "typical" number of dependants sadly underpaid.

If need is to be the chief determinant of the wage, let it be so consistently. Let us apply it as between single and married men: is Mr. Grant prepared to pay the bachelor a smaller wage than the married man doing the same work? And is he prepared to pay the highly skilled professional with one child less than the labourer with four?

It is, of course, true that the majority of employed women are unmarried and that more working men have family responsibilities. By all means, let more be done for those—men or women—with dependants, but a nationally agreed wage rate is not the best tool for equalising standards of living as between families and individuals. A far more satisfactory policy would seem to be for the national scale to be "the rate for the job," irrespective of sex and family situation, and to help the individual with dependants by more discriminating means such as (worth-while) family allowances, social services and income tax reliefs, adjusted to *actual* circumstances.

Family needs, then, should be provided for more generously. But to pay *all* women less, although many also have family responsibilities and most an old age to provide for, and to pay *all* men more even though they may be unmarried or childless seems as crude a system as it is illogical and unfair.

Bedford College, N.W.1. HILDA R. KAHN

PURCHASE TAX

SIR,—Mr. Douglas Jay implies that the Socialist budget of 1948 made "all Utility goods" and "real working-class necessities" exempt from Purchase Tax. A quick talk with the Customs and Excise should convince him that a number of Utility items of clothing remain taxed at 33⅓ per cent.; and for the rest, do we understand that the following are not needed by the real worker?

Mirrors ("out-and-out luxuries" at 100 per cent.); Trunks, cases, radios, musical instruments, records, reproductions of painting, all 66⅔ per cent; toys, games, sports gear, clocks, watches, floor coverings, wallpaper, knives, forks, spoons, diaries, calendars, stationery, shaving cream, soap—all still taxed at 33⅓ per cent.

If so, it appears that the British worker need never wash or shave; has no right to know the time or the date; no need for any form of entertainment or sport for himself or his children; no need to travel; he should live in a room with no paper on the walls, in a house where no mirrors abide and every floor is stripped to the boards, while he eats his meals with his bare hands; and (cruellest insult of all) he cannot even write to the *N.S. & N.* in complaint without paying the penalty in taxation.

Perhaps these are all luxuries of the aristocracy: Mr. Jay has a right to believe so, but I should like to hear him say so in a place where the unwashed hands of the real working class could get at him.

52 Wellesley Road, GEOFFREY WALLS
Harrow, Middx.

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY

SIR,—In a book review in a recent issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Mr. Tom Hopkinson makes some statements about professional photography which are so distorted from the truth as to be quite absurd:—

> The professional photographer does his work in a critical vacuum. For more than 100 years men and women have been taking photographs, but never has there grown up a body of criticism centring on their work. There is no such thing as a "critic of photography," though there are dozens of critics of the ballet—and some of canasta.

Mr. Hopkinson is quite wrong. There is an abundance of criticism of photography, much of it highly perceptive and well-informed. The critics are to be found on the selection panels of the better exhibitions and competitions and particularly on the exhibition juries and qualifications board of the Institute of British Photographers.

Professional photographers live in a constant barrage of criticism. Even so, most photographers of any standing or aspirations willingly expose themselves to further criticism by entering their work for the numerous exhibitions and competitions, of which hundreds are held every year in Britain and various parts of the world.

As a former editor of *Picture Post*, Mr. Hopkinson is highly qualified to assess the merits of photographs *in a particular sphere*, that of actualité or photo-journalism. But it is his limitation or his fallacy that he applies the same journalistic standards to other branches of photography in which they are not applicable; he has committed this error both in this book review and in his recent talk in the Third Programme. Mr. Hopkinson should realise that outside his particular sphere there are other, and higher, standards of criticism than those of Fleet Street.

46 Upper Marsh, JOHN McCANN
London, S.E.1.

WITHOUT COMMENT

SIR,—In the short note "Without Comment" (*N.S. & N.*, Jan. 26), I find "a peaceful settlement" as the translation of the German word "Friedensschluss."

"Friedensschluss" means nothing but Conclusion of Peace. Apart from a strict literal translation, it means: Treaty. The spirit of "peaceful" is not in it; and this gives a different meaning to the whole sentence. JUSTIN STEINFELD

Baldock, Herts.

HEALTH SERVICE

SIR,—In reply to "Doctor's Wife," if they took a partner their hours of work would be halved. Doctors as a whole tend to extreme individualism, and any hardships (or benefits) that ensue are of their own making.

A State-salaried service would end all this "suffering humanitarianism" among the medicos.

DOCTOR'S WIFE'S HUSBAND

KNOWLEDGE AND IGNORANCE

SIR,—Controversies which begin by being enlivening, and even illuminating, soon become tedious. I have some trepidation, therefore, in asking you for space to come to terms with Mr. Shawe-Taylor before our readers tire of us or cry a plague on both.

I do not dispute that knowledge brings deeper comprehension and, indeed, fuller appreciation. The history of the musical appreciation movement has shown that even discussive knowledge about a work of art can contribute to its æsthetic appeal. All I am contending is that it is better to make the acquaintance of an opera whole than piecemeal, better to see the wood before spotting those operatic trees, the big aria, the love duet, the suicides' chorus and what not, that the theatre is the right place in which to be introduced to a theatrical work of art. A correspondent has reminded me that to a critic who has said that the test of a play's quality is only applied when it is read, apart from the illusions of the stage, Quiller-Couch replied by saying that on this basis the crucial test of the Parthenon frieze was its adaptability to a Bloomsbury apartment.

I risked a good deal, I know, by talking of intuition, which is commonly applied to a mixture of wild guesswork and female prejudice. Guessing belongs to ignorance, intuition to knowledge. I would not have ventured on to these troubled waters of logic-chopping had not Mr. Shawe-Taylor, with a candour that excited my ardent admiration, told us all where his preliminary work had gone wrong. Let me emulate his candour and confess that I think it makes better journalism to write under the excitement of a great occasion than out of cold miscalculation, though this is quite subsidiary to my main contention.

4 Ladbroke Terrace, W.11. FRANK HOWES

B.Sc. ECON.

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Books in General

L'Assommoir (*The Dram-Shop*)* was the first novel of Zola's to have enormous popular success and notoriety. Henry James, who crept very ginger round the subject and who said one or two final things about Zola, put *L'Assommoir* beside *Germinal* and *La Debâcle* at the top of his productions. It seems to me superior to *Germinal*, because it is not theatrical. Compare the famous mine engine in *Germinal* with the distiller's engine in the *The Dram-Shop*: the former is a theatrical sexual symbol and throughout the book there is an obsessional hunt for sexual squalor which comes dangerously near the ludicrous. It also suggests the distorting fantasies of impotence. On the other hand, the distillery engine is never more than a fascinating machine, perhaps a witch's cauldron, throbbing, bubbling and dripping its poison which infects the lives of the slum around it. That is no more than the plain truth: the delusions, the corruption, the diseases, the tempers, the fights, the murders and final madness of alcoholism are not fancies. And then the crowds which Zola excelled in describing are not poster-work in *The Dram-Shop*. In *Germinal* one remembers they were described as if they were panicking and slavering cattle, as gluttonous and hungry maws; in *The Dram-Shop* there is nothing herd-like or anonymous in the hordes of the Paris slums; they are particularised with a delicacy which is unexpected in this coarse-grained novelist. For Zola had been wretchedly poor in his own youth and he understood that poverty individualises like a frost; it etches upon human beings lines and traits as refined, in their way, as those of fuller sensibility. Coupeau the plumber, Lantier the hatter and Gervaise the laundress are not mere documentations for the purpose of illustrating the life of the industrial poor at that time; they are subtle, variable, extraordinary human beings. They are not more than life size, but they illumine life in any class of society.

The Dram-Shop is a novel without a plot. We see the rise of Coupeau and Gervaise from abject poverty to the condition of prospering working people, enjoying the decencies of life. They work hard, they save; but they do not become miserly and oppressive. Then Coupeau has an accident. It ruins his character, for he discovers the pleasures of idleness, the ease of living on his admirable wife; and after an idyllic period this corrupts him. He gradually tipples, takes to idleness on principle, invents every kind of rationalisation and drifts gradually into alcoholism. He takes his wife's former lover as a boon companion; between them, amiably blurred by drink, they exploit her and finally ruin her. For the sweetness and goodness of her nature have rested on an element of acquiescence; and prosperity has softened her. No more than any other human beings are the poor freed from the seductions of success; poor Gervaise lets herself go and is soon whirled bewildered into sluttishness, laziness, and the glass of "rot-gut." Coupeau dies of D.T.'s; Gervaise, a tippler rather than an alcoholic, dies of starvation and Lantier, her former lover, moves on to exploit another couple, an absurd gendarme and his wife. This is not a plot, in the usual sense of the word; it is a moralisation which must be slowly disentangled from the driftings and confusions of everyday life. If Zola is an indiscriminate writer, if he is mainly an appetite for life, people and conditions, this has an important compensation: any plot we care to see in *The Dram-Shop* arises out of daily life as his people knew it and is not imposed with the *parti pris* of the story-teller. It can be complained that we are too much submerged in daily life in this book, in all the goings on of the tenements, the interminable small quarrels, envies and chatter of the neighbours, of the bars, of Gervaise's steaming laundry; but the saturation has enabled Zola to produce two or three wonderful long and dilatory episodes, which would have been impossible in the conventionally plotted novel.

There is the fight between Gervaise and another woman in the wash-house, a terrible and heroic affair of coarse fury and comedy. Far better, there is the wedding party of Coupeau and Gervaise, a superb piece of comic rambling: the climax is reached when the party fill in time before dinner by going up the column in the Place Vendôme in wild good humour, start quarrelling at the top and come down in silence.

> They all of them made their way to the top. The twelve members of the party had to climb the narrow stairway in single file, and this they did with much stumbling on the worn steps, keeping close to the wall for safety. The interior soon became pitch dark, and there was a great deal of loud laughter. The ladies uttered little screams, because the men started tickling them and pinching their legs. But they weren't so silly as to protest, thinking it better to pretend that what they felt were mice. Anyway, it wasn't worth making a fuss about, because the practical jokers, they were convinced, wouldn't go too far. Boche produced a witticism which they all took up. Everyone started calling down to Madame Gaudron, pretending to believe that she had got stuck. Was there enough room, they asked, for her belly? A nice thing it would be if she got "took," and not able to go up or down! She'd be jammed in the fairway, and none of them would be able to get out! The belly of the pregnant woman gave rise to such hoots of laughter that the whole column shook. Boche, flushed by the success of his sally, was now well launched. They'd be in this chimney-stack, he said, for the rest of their lives! Wasn't there no end to it?—short of the sky? He tried to frighten the ladies by declaring that he could feel it move. All this while, Coupeau said nothing. He was just behind Gervaise, holding her by the waist. He could feel her leaning on him. He was just about to kiss the back of her neck when, suddenly, they found themselves in the open air.
>
> "A nice thing, I must say!" observed Madame Lorilleux with an air of outraged propriety. "Oh, don't mind us!"
>
> Bibi-la-Grillade appeared to be thoroughly put out. "You all made such a damned row," he grumbled, "that I couldn't even count the steps!"

Like Balzac, Zola is the novelist of our greeds especially of their excess in satisfaction or in nausea, but he lacks Balzac's irony and subtlety, his grave compass. Zola is less civilised and less instinctively refined by the comic spirit. He excels, of course (until he overdoes it), in atmosphere: the laundry scenes are worked up until the point of sensual disgust is reached and we long to get out of that hot, damp room, reeking of female sweat, filthy garments and dirty jokes. On the other hand, when he is not on his obsessive themes, he finely observes human nature. Goujet, the good workman who tries hard to keep Coupeau straight, who has a serious political conscience, and understands the situation of the industrial worker, is not presented as the perfect man. Zola understood the wounds of human beings: Goujet is under the thumb of a just but exacting mother and is paralysed if he has to decide things for himself. Even after his mother's death he is directed by fear of her. Zola did not believe in the sacred working class; not that the oppressed and poor are ennobled by the crimes committed against them. No doubt, this was the reason for the attacks on the book for being a travesty of French working-class life. Quite clearly, now, it was not: it simply contained everything; in it the poor ceased to be purely and simply a case. They became human.

There are only two seriously false scenes in *The Dram-Shop* and they occur towards the end, at the point where a novelist becomes overheated by his own world and attempts to force the logic of events. The first occurs when Gervaise is told by her husband that she might just as well go on the streets. Gervaise sets out, starving, ragged, gross-looking and begs unavailingly in an awful night tour of the boulevards. At one point she runs into another starving being, whom she has once befriended: this is excellent—starvation looks into starvation's eyes. But when she finally accosts the noble Goujet who had once loved her, the melodramatic cliché is too much. It is true that Zola's humane realism puts the episode right in the end, but it has been a strain on our trust. The second episode follows close on this one. Rejected by Goujet, Gervaise throws herself at her neighbour in the next room, the drunken undertaker who is known as the Ladies' Comforter: not the comforter of the reader—he is an embarrassing symbol of the motif of Love-and-Death. Unlike the rich episodes of the wedding and the party, these incidents belong to the conjurer's repertory.

The argument for plot of that kind in the novel, is, at its highest, the argument for meaning and value: but meaning, in Zola at his best, lies in the rendering of the muddled and languid movement of life itself. It was necessary, one might say, to write novels of this kind because the 19th century saw the dehumanisation of man. Christianity had become meaningless. It was necessary to write about conditions simply because the dominant class were trying to live without knowing what their life was based on. The marvel is that the middle-class Zola came so close to his people. He was able to do so perhaps because of his morbid vice: the idealisation of the ugly. His obsessive taste for the revolting, the dreary, the bestial was an energy, and put him completely at one with the dreadful spirit of the times; he was as ugly, disfiguring and, also, almost as ludicrous in his puffing and blowing as the early steam engines. But there is another reason for his success. Henry James gives us a clue to it when he reports, with a shock, Zola's decision to conduct research into

* *The Dram-Shop*. By EMILE ZOLA. *Hamish Hamilton*. 15s.

popular speech, slang and foul language: Zola saw that these were not a barrier but the passport into the slum world. If he knew its language he would know its soul. A great deal of *The Dram-Shop* is written in an attempted vernacular—which Mr. Gerard Hopkins has tackled courageously in his translation with a very passable measure of success—and though Zola is far from our contemporary feeling for common speech, he does make the first bold approaches. He succeeds chiefly where it is macabre and comical, especially when it is gross. It is a wonderful moment, for example, when Gervaise goes to the asylum to see Coupeau and finds him, temporarily cured, and squatting on the lavatory pan making jokes which are indeed lewd but, oddly, also very moving. Zola's pursuit of bad words has led him, paradoxically, to the profoundest human feelings; and his own search for disgust and hatred is not proof against the surprising insinuations of the love that is mixed with the revolting—which may even arise because of it. Finally, *The Dram-Shop* is free of that set Puritan piety which makes the moralising of Hogarth on Gin Alley or the Rake, intolerable in the end. Human beings have the right to their tragedy; they have the right to be incurable. Zola's sense of decadence was, no doubt, based on specious scientific theories; but it was a larger, more humane view than that of the Puritan moralist.

V. S. PRITCHETT

AMAZED

Held on the leash, my task is to seek out
Aspects of nature among man-made shells
As glowing bodies in constructed rooms.
Blooms of imagination on low sills

My task is to seek out, and yet the leash
Of the drawn moment holds me back all day
Exhausting me, who would be like the wind
And fill the animated cups of play

So that I wait outside the severe door
Among sheer wall planes till the falling night,
Kindly to help me in his labyrinth,
Makes every window speak with tongues of light

And at that signal I can slip my rein
And florist skirt the jewel joy again.

CHARLES MADGE

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Stand on this shore and watch—the sea
Corrodes it, as the years her heart.
But only the beast who loved her knew
The ships on which she might depart,
How much she yearned to be free,
How the colours in her life were few;
But her desire for change still grew.

She asked at last, so many sailing:
"Why must this beast haunt my sight
Wreathing my days with his flowers?
Because at my door he sleeps at night
I have pitied his failing—
It is like mine, therefore his powers
Can never change the sneering hours."

"But my heart is a villain," she said,
'How can he change if no love is?
Then I will love him evermore."
And in this love she gave her kiss:
Then, rising with a handsome head
He took her to every foreign shore,
But she cried: "O where is my home
and my beast of before?"

MARTIN SEYMOUR-SMITH

THE UN-BRITISH CASE

The Struggle for Europe. By CHESTER WILMOT. *Collins.* 25*s.*

A Soldier's Story. By OMAR N. BRADLEY. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25*s.*

The Struggle for Europe, we are told on the dust-cover, "is the most important book yet written about World War II . . . and contains the first presentation of the British case." This kind of ballyhoo may be good sales promotion; but it does not help Mr. Wilmot to be judged on his very real merits as a military historian, concerned not to make a "British case" but to interpret the facts as he finds them. The real importance of *The Struggle for Europe* is that it contains the first history of the Anglo-American operations in Western Europe based on first-hand experience and a comprehensive study of all the available evidence. Unfortunately, in those chapters where Mr. Wilmot tries to live up to the pretensions of his publishers, he exceeds his own capacities and goes a long way to spoil a good book.

In fairness, it must be admitted that the military historian is faced with a real dilemma. Analysing the strategy of the Normandy landings, Mr. Wilmot found his perspective widening in time and space. The shortage of landing barges, for instance, could only be explained by a fascinating excursus on the isolationism of Admiral King and another on the Battle of the Atlantic. The timing and scale of the operation could only be understood against a background which extends back through the German invasion of Russia, and the African campaigns, to Dunkirk; and any judgment on the overall strategy compels the historian to consider post-war history. Where should this infinitely expanding perspective stop?

This is the insoluble problem which has faced every contemporary historian since Thucydides. To keep his picture in focus, he must paint it from one selected vantage-point, and refuse to be rushed along with the stream of events. But this is just what Mr. Wilmot has failed to do in *The Struggle for Europe*. His attempt to see the campaign in the perspective of hindsight nearly turns a work of history into an outsize pamphlet.

We can now see that, whereas the Red Army's strategy achieved most of Russia's political objectives in Europe, Anglo-American strategy did not. Seeking for an explanation, Mr. Wilmot observes that Churchill's hankering for diversionary attacks on Germany's southern flank was frustrated by Roosevelt and General Marshall, who believed in concentrating the whole Anglo-American effort on the single campaign in France. From this he jumps to the conclusion that Eastern Europe might have been saved if the "British" view had prevailed against the "American." This version of history—especially when it is accompanied by a well-reasoned justification of Montgomery's strategy as against Eisenhower's—has its obvious attractions for the British Tory with anti-American sentiments. In 1952, moreover, there are many who would like to forget that they once believed in Roosevelt's idea of world peace based on Big Three co-operation and the disarmament of Germany and Japan. It is easy enough now for Mr. Wilmot to ally himself with the American Republicans who are busily constructing the myth that Roosevelt was the cause of all our present troubles and Churchill the "voice of foresight and wisdom." Easy, but a gross distortion of the facts. Churchill and Lord Beaverbrook had their moments when they thought they could do a deal with Stalin behind the President's back; and it was not till the spring of 1945—*after* the Yalta conference and Roosevelt's death—that Mr. Wilmot can provide any concrete evidence that Mr. Churchill proposed to contain Russian expansion. In those last weeks of the war, it is true that he protested against Eisenhower's halt on the Elbe and urged that we should capture Berlin and Prague. But by then it was far too late to redress the balance of European power.

The chief argument for Mr. Churchill's premonition of the Russian danger is the story that in 1943 he urged a Balkan campaign, with the aim of preventing the Soviet domination of Eastern Europe. But here Mr. Wilmot corrects his own conclusions. On page 130 he observes:

> At no time did the Prime Minister or his Chiefs of Staff suggest that the major offensive against Germany could or should be launched through Southern Europe, but Churchill did believe that *limited diversionary operations* in support of the Turks or of Greek and Yugoslav guerillas would contribute substantially to the winning of the war (by distracting German divisions from the Channel) and would enhance the prospects of winning the peace.

Even this modest claim is denied, however, by Mr. Churchill. Describing his meeting with Eisenhower and Marshall in May, 1943, he quotes the minutes, as follows: "The Prime Minister intervened to observe emphatically that he was not advocating sending an army into the Balkans now or in the near future." In some moods, no doubt, he toyed with the idea of frustrating Stalin's ambitions. But he never adopted it as a policy, far less sought to have it accepted by the War Cabinet. Mr. Wilmot himself states why:

> Even if they had been inclined to do so, the British and American Governments could not have won public support for any policy which was designed to keep Russia in check.

So much for the grain of truth in the Balkan myth.

Mr. Wilmot rightly observes that what assisted Stalin most in his European ambitions was the declaration of Unconditional Surrender and the consequential Anglo-American policies, which turned Germany into a power vacuum. But he tries to suggest that these were essentially "American" policies. The fact, of course, is that Unconditional Surrender was enthusiastically approved by Churchill; and at the Quebec conference—*in the autumn of* 1944—he initialled the disastrous Morgenthau Plan, though he did not bother to consult his Cabinet before doing so. Indeed, Churchill was the leading advocate of toughness to Germany, not merely in words but in action. Mr. Wilmot is severely critical of Bomber Command, whose area bombing demonstrated to the Germans with merciless brutality what was meant by Unconditional Surrender. But Churchill fought like a tiger for Air-Marshal Harris. The Morgenthau Plan became a dead letter. But by then the Harris Plan had ensured that Germany would be a vacuum when the war ended.

Mr. Wilmot's contrast between Churchill's wisdom and Roosevelt's political innocence would be even less convincing but for some remarkable omissions. He discusses the Sicilian landings without referring to Churchill's decision to let the Italian people "stew in their own juice" while he tried to prop up an effete monarchy. Many of the President's advisers were absurdly and malignantly suspicious of "British Imperialism." But Churchill increased those suspicions by his plans for the restoration of the monarchy in Italy and Greece, and his determination to restore British, Dutch and French colonial rule in the Far East. It is fair to criticise Roosevelt and Marshall for their stubborn refusal to consider the political consequences of the strategy they adopted. Certainly this played into Stalin's hands. But Churchill's "political strategy"—so far as he had one—was reactionary and unrealistic. Strange to see it presented as a "British case."

It is pleasant to descend from the stratosphere to Mr. Wilmot's proper level—the campaign itself. How good his military history is can be seen by reading his superb narrative of the Normandy landings alongside General Bradley's memoirs. *A Soldier's Story* has been composed out of a draft dictated by Bradley himself and a personal diary kept by his ghost writer, Colonel Hansen, from which, in the General's own words, "we extracted settings, dialogue and anecdotal background." The material is undigested and vulgarised for popular consumption and it does little credit to a very distinguished soldier. Even as a source book it should be used with the greatest care.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

THE POLEMICAL CRITIC

The Common Pursuit. By F. R. LEAVIS. *Chatto & Windus.* 18s.

Dr. Leavis is one of the three or four most distinguished living English critics, and is widely recognised as one of the founders of a new critical method. A new book by him is therefore something of an event. What makes this set of essays rather disappointing, however, is that it is much less concerned on the whole with fresh critical reconnaissances than with digging in around an established position, and with offensive-defensive skirmishes. Dr. Leavis is at his best as a direct, close critic, but again and again in this book he sacrifices that approach for the pleasure of scoring off other people. Indeed, it might be said that in his eagerness to demonstrate the wrongness of other people, he very often here leaves his own rightness to be taken for granted. His judgments are often, in a way that used not to be characteristic of him, stated rather than argued. Thus, Henry James's *The Ambassadors* is a bore and there's an end of it. D. H. Lawrence is "the finest literary critic of our time" and this very surprising judgment certainly needs more backing than a few vivid but jerky paragraphs from Lawrence's reviews. The poetry of the Thirties —though Dr. Leavis at one time thought Auden's *Paid on Both Sides* interesting enough to rate two or three pages of close examination in *Scrutiny*—is dismissed *en bloc* as merely having encouraged the complacencies of a "modish Leftishness." A certain peremptory curtness, in fact, is growing upon Dr. Leavis; and even in those essays, like the two on Hopkins, which do contain excellent close criticism, he shows a regrettable readiness to be drawn into polemical digressions.

Yet the best essays are extremely good. Those on Swift and E. M. Forster, in particular, are the best pieces on these two writers I have read: on Swift as a negative force, and on how Mr. Forster, always at our elbow with his penetrating remarks, never manages to leave us alone with the situation and the characters. In the essay on Swift, Dr. Leavis notes that by the tension it creates between a "motion of assent" and the feelings appropriate to rejection, Swift's ironical persuasiveness generates "a sense of disturbing energy," disturbing partly because the energy is not in the end used, though we are always expecting it to be, to establish any positive values.

Dr. Leavis goes in detail into the passage from the *Tale of a Tub* that contains the famous, or infamous, sentence: "Last week I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe how much it altered her person for the worse." That sentence is part of a typically Augustan attack on excessive speculation and metaphysical curiosity, on wanting to probe beneath the surface of things, but, having apparently established that Augustan position—that civilisation is at least to some degree the decent keeping up of what one knows to be partly deceptive appearances—Swift undermines it in his last sentence: "This is the sublime and refined point of felicity called the possession of being well-deceived, the serene, peaceful state of being a fool among knaves." And the next paragraph, as Dr. Leavis notes, significantly begins: "But to return to madness. . . ." Choosing the right quotation, and finding the revealing comment on it, is one of Dr. Leavis's great gifts: it does similarly help us to place Mr. Forster's real but not major contribution to the novel when Dr. Leavis isolates such sentences as, "Sir Gilbert, though not an enlightened man, held enlightened opinions."

In the essays on Shakespeare, however, this pouncing eye for detail (combined, of course, with a wish to put other critics right in passing) has prevented Dr. Leavis from stepping far enough back to see the plays as wholes. On his low view of Othello's make-up, for instance, very persuasively argued, I do not see why he still regards that powerful piece of theatre as high tragedy. Much of what he says about *Othello* could be used, though he does not intend it so, to support a modification of the hostile judgment of Rymer. Yet he is not only a scrutiniser of details. His general critical thinking can be profound:

> Words in poetry invite us not to "think about" and judge, but to "feel into" or "become"—to realise a complex experience that is given in the words.

I think that is a splendid statement about poetry in general, but one should notice the language: the gingerly inverted commas, warning us that we are not to take phrases quite as they are ordinarily taken, and then the tired English of the second half of the sentence. Dr. Leavis's distinction is one of thinking and feeling; his use of language is never quite adequate to his feelings and thoughts. That partly explains why he is so often misunderstood. An example might be his phrase, which baffled Professor Grierson, about Milton's "habit of exploiting language as a kind of musical medium outside himself." Any such confession of bafflement Dr. Leavis is perhaps likely to regard as a wilful refusal to understand. Yet nobody's language, certainly, could be more individual than Milton's, and the phrase might seem to apply more naturally to, say, a song-writer like Campion. And there are important senses, for that matter, in which language is both always, and never, a medium outside us. Dr. Leavis meant, I take it, that there is a living intimacy, a feeling of growth between word and word, in Shakespeare's or Donne's language, but that Milton's poems have much more the air of being conscious, willed constructions. One has to be ready to translate in this way; Dr. Leavis's language has the air of being very flatly explicit, but it is full of hints which only his more practised readers will pick up at once. Yet it is worth anybody's trouble, who takes literature seriously, to become such a practised reader. I may have dwelt excessively on what struck me as faults in this book. Let me say in conclusion that Dr. Leavis has always a moral seriousness, and at his best a concentration of the relevant approach and a closeness of sensitive application, that make him outstanding among contemporary critics.

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A Potter's Portfolio. By BERNARD LEACH. *Lund Humphries.* 84s.

Pottery is an ancient form of non-figurative art. In the introduction to his *Portfolio* Mr. Bernard Leach writes of the wet, newly thrown pot, where "every movement hangs like frozen music"; where "volumes, open spaces and outlines are parts of a living whole; they are thoughts, controlled forces in counterpoise of rhythm. A single intuitive pressure on the spinning wet clay, and the whole pot comes to life; a false touch and the expression is lost." And this criterion, "life," which he announces more than once in his essay, is the right one, though a volume might be devoted to its elucidation as it applies to pottery. The choice of these sixty illustrations (the plates are large, and excellent in quality, including the five in colour: we really feel we are in the presence of the glazed surfaces) itself helps towards such an elucidation. Mr. Leach has here defined, by his selection, his own ceramic æsthetic: that æsthetic ignores much—Delft, Majolica: much Greek, Persian and German, for instance. What it embraces I shall discuss in a moment; meanwhile, one notes that Mr. Leach believes this to be the first published ceramic anthology to be selected on purely æsthetic grounds.

The result certainly vindicates the method. There is not a dull or freakish specimen—still less an ugly one—in the book. A critic, historian, or other expert, would almost inevitably have included a number of unsatisfying pots, for two reasons: his selection would have been more "objective," and he would not be in possession of an instinct as sure as that of the most important English potter living. This is an artist's book—and Bernard Leach is a very subtle artist. What is more, he has proved an immensely influential one. The extent to which the movement of artist-potters has expanded in this country since the war —when it very nearly succumbed, for obvious reasons—is not generally realised; and who would guess that in the United States these same artist-potters now number 70,000, "with a turnover one-third of that of the entire hollow-ware industry" in that country, to quote Mr. Leach? It presents us with a sociological-æsthetic phenomenon of great significance, this latter-day revival of the Arts and Crafts movement in the sphere of pottery. Bernard Leach stands in very much the same relation to all these contemporary hand-potters that William Morris stood to another generation of artist-craftsmen.

But the self-dedication of young art students (ex-Servicemen, often) to an impecunious existence as craftsmen is sometimes regarded as an event of greater sociological than æsthetic interest. Even if their pots were bad their choice of occupation—their chosen "way of life"—would read as a gesture of protest against the present quality of life accorded us by our contemporary technocratic civilisation. It is always the main danger of this movement that the social protest may annul the creative artistry: the craft may preclude the art. This, however, was never the threat in the case of Bernard Leach. By 1920, when he returned to England after a dozen years in Japan and China, he had succeeded in identifying himself with an Oriental tradition; he could instinctively and superbly re-create pot shapes long ago evolved by Eastern tradition. And these personal versions were not "copies" in the derogatory sense; rather they were living equivalents of the oriental originals; variations on a theme. A Sung stoneware jar, a Korean (twelfth century) celadon bowl, a Japanese (seventeenth century) stoneware vase are all—amongst many other examples—recognisable in translation as they recur in Bernard Leach's repertoire of forms during the past thirty years. Nor does this imply lack of originality; in pottery there only are a limited number of thrown forms possible, and all have already been discovered at one period or another. In the art of pottery originality, therefore, lies in subtleties.

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accuse Leach of trading in a foreign æsthetic to the neglect of the indigenous values embodied in our own ceramic traditions. It is this. Medieval English pottery and English slipware have just as great a place, as influences, in the amalgam which is Leach's own style, as has Far Eastern pottery of select periods (incidentally, American Indian pottery is his latest enthusiasm, as this book reveals). He writes here: "The high classics of 1900 are not those of 1951"—thanks, in some measure, to Leach himself. "Our eyes still turn to China, but of the seventh to twelfth centuries and not of the thirteenth to eighteenth centuries." Chinese Sung pottery was what Leach felt most drawn towards. Now Sung pots are characterised by certain massive, blunt rhythms which seem buried just below the surface of a pot. This submerged rhythm, which pulses *within* a Sung (or a Leach) pot, is quite incompatible with the sharp outlines and intricate ornamental detail (in the form often of additions to the main body of a vessel) which typifies the later Chinese periods Leach rejects. The Sung pot is dominated by an interior thrust; its outline ripples, is mobile. The later Chinese pot (or one from Wedgwood, for that matter) is articulated *at* the surface; it is precise, cold and static in outline; it has no interior warmth, no invisible thrust. And its more sophisticated form is refined almost to a mechanical "perfection."

Leach has done two things: he has demonstrated the æsthetic parallel existing between Sung and medieval English pottery—thus creating a most interesting East-West synthesis; and, in doing this, he has given us a ceramic idiom very much in accord with aspects of modern art. One can compare him to Henry Moore in some ways: both by-passed the Renaissance. And in so far as either has drawn on English sources, those sources are medieval. Also, Leach emphasises the generous pulse of the total, blunt form of a pot, the form *underlying* its mere appearance. Moore does an equivalent thing. Even Moore's canon, "truth to material," is wholly applicable to Leach. Finally, like Moore, Bernard Leach is very conscious of the nature of form and space. He writes: "A potter on his wheel is doing two things at the same time: he is making hollow wares . . . *and he is exploring space*" (my italics). This defines that dual responsibility which embraces craft and art at once. It sums up a most sound and ancient tradition.

PATRICK HERON

THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF PAUL NASH

Fertile Image. By PAUL NASH. Edited by MARGARET NASH with an Introduction by JAMES LAVER. *Faber.* 30s.

It is an indulgence to have the journal of Delacroix as well as his paintings, perhaps even a prying indulgence to have too many of an artist's drawings. So with all the arts. Poets, painters, musicians, architects—the fortunate ones are those who worked before biography. Their letters do not survive, the limits of speculation are not so wide. The final products in which they exist are not smothered by the self-consciousness of art or by the busily active laboratories of inquisition. In Great Britain certainly painters are luckier than writers in this respect, and I wonder if Paul Nash would be pleased altogether by the recent exhibition and now by the publication of his photographs. Of course we do not bother all the time about health or the kinds of moderation on which it depends. We like liqueurs and Turkish Delight, if we do not need them. We like peering behind pictures, which these photographs enable us to do in a peculiar manner; and since painters who use cameras use them well, one can foresee that *Fertile Image* is likely to be the first of many posthumous collections of a new kind. Mr. John Piper had better be careful, or Mr. Henry Moore.

Photographs can be exact notes of a limited degree, or suggestive reinforcements of memory. Mr. James Laver says that Pual Nash took to his camera when ill health made it more difficult for him to move about. He began to work from photographs of scenes or objects which intrigued him. He looked for what he called "object-personages" and for natural puns or correspondences such as the pattern of moving water in stones and stone walls in Dorset, in the overlapping boards of a frame building or in the bark of trees. So how should we look at the results? That depends on the amount of belief in Paul Nash's paintings. They do, as I say, make it possible to peer behind the paintings, though I doubt if they reveal anything of Nash—anything positive—which is not already obvious in the paintings themselves. A photograph, for instance, is called "Monolith in Arcadia"—of one of the Avebury stones in the old days before Avebury had an archæological face-lift and hair-cut. The solid stone grows deep with the growth of bracken, grass and whitethorn. It is a personage, as standing stones, no less than gnarls and dead trees, are in several of Nash's paintings. Painted, such a stone should be more of a personage. Nash often made it less of one, the nature of the stone vanishing, the idea only surviving. He lacked that power of translating an object and yet retaining and increasing its authenticity which so imaginatively transforms the literal intentions of Courbet, for example, or makes the double images of Herkules Seghers, or Desiderio even, so compelling.

A negative revelation, then, is that the photographs are often more exciting than the pictures. They are, after all, most to be enjoyed for themselves and for what they show of the possibilities of photography alone. They show—in this how superior they are to the professional's tricky excellence—what can be done with a camera when its user has a theory of significance and looks in the world for the objects and combinations which embody it.

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Catherine Carter. By PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON. *Macmillan.* 12s. 6d.

Yet great labour, directed by great abilities, is never wholly lost: if they frequently threw away their wit upon false conceits, they likewise sometimes struck out unexpected truth: if their conceits were far-fetched, they were often worth the carriage. To write on their plan, it was at least necessary to read and think.

Using the word in Johnson's sense, Miss McCarthy is a metaphysical novelist. An addiction to intellectual metaphor, apparent in that remarkable first novel, *The Oasis*, appears to be growing on her. Though it sometimes results in the compelling image, it often leaves her foundering on the reefs of verbal ingenuity. Just as Cowley compared his heart to a "grenade shot into a magazine" or Donne bent texts of the *Summa* to serve his love imagery, so Miss McCarthy is saturated with political allusion. She makes use of the open city, the fall of France, "the Lubianka of the unconscious" even, to elucidate the heart's labyrinths. In *The Friend of the Family*, one of the best pieces in her new book, in the middle of distilling the predatory essence of the American Twemlow, she breaks off to remark that,

> You forget that it was in the name of peace and quiet that this despot was welcomed—just as the Jewish banker in the concentration camp forgets the donation he made to the Nazi party fund, back in 1931, when his great fear was Communism; just as Benedetto Croce, anti-Fascist philosopher, forgot in Naples the day when he supported Mussolini in the Senate at Rome, because order was certainly preferable to anarchy and Bolshevism was the real menace.

The simile is just. In a certain kind of conversation it would be effective. Yet, used in this context it breaks up and shatters the smooth Proustian reflection at which Miss McCarthy is aiming.

Her preoccupation with such themes is perhaps the result of her acidulous view of human nature. More and more Miss McCarthy's universe takes on the semblance of a politic jungle. For her, it is not Nature but personal relations which are red in tooth and claw. The consciousness of domestic wickedness, of the evil things our wills do to those we love, gives to even a slight volume like this the dynamic quality of a restrained loathing.

But if Miss McCarthy's knowledge—call it, rather, her physical sense—of the worst that is latent in the best of us is the key to her triumphs, it also explains an occasional note of hysteria. Elsewhere, when the full horrors of personality do not require facing, she is capable of an exquisite Jamesian postcript like *The Cicerone* in which the American-innocence-European-evil relationship is triumphantly reversed.

The versatility of her writing is due, I think, to her ability to achieve infinite variations on the underlying theme of a rich, ironic disgust for life. The second half of her book consists of three short semi-autobiographical fragments of Catholic childhood. Here she shows us her blandest and deadliest face. Written with deceptive simplicity, these three stories prove that Miss McCarthy is most dangerous when she is least "metaphysical."

When Mr. Kaplan, on the other hand, aims at simplicity, he only endangers his novel. *Anywhere Else* is marred by that jaunty "our hero" treatment which once had a legitimate place in a certain class of English novel, and is now mere hobbledehoy facetiousness. Mr. Kaplan has such gifts as a writer that any failure at his hands seems doubly disappointing. *Anything Else* treats of a middle-aged American's dissatisfaction with life. John Clifford, the delegate to an Intra-European Payments Commission, sitting in Paris, despairs of his marriage and is in a mood for self-inquisition. Fate, or Mr. Kaplan's guiding hand, sends him to the fifth floor of an apache dive in the Place Maubert, "with a strange woman sleeping on the bed within reach of his arm . . . and a man, mad, drunk or doped, breathing on the latched door, holding a bare knife. . . ." This, so the blurb declares, is the decisive moment of Clifford's manhood. Personally, I find such symbolic journeys to danger an irritating convention. To have Mr. Kaplan automatically jogging one's elbow and hinting at Time and Fate, leaves no room for development or expectation. Clifford's frustration could have been handled more effectively by concentrating on the narrative and keeping the psychological commentary implicit in the story. Instead, the author decks his book out with tags of Rimbaud (*la vraie vie est ailleurs*, etc.) and pages of boozy, high-flown conversation about Life none of which, as conversation, is very good. The strength of the book lies in Clifford himself. This shrewd North Carolina economist with his veiled nuances and Biblical echoes is a finely realised character, who deserves a far better stage than his creator has provided.

Mr. Culshaw's new novel is a great advance on his first. Set in post-war Spain it deals with Falangist and Red conspiracies, involving American diplomats, the head of the secret police, and the priest of a remote Malagan village. The narrative is exciting and the characterisation effective. If there is a great deal of the same political naivety that marred *Sons of Brutus*, this is because Mr. Culshaw has not yet made up his mind whether to range himself behind Mr. Koestler or Mr. Ambler. The decision will have to be made some time and at present all his talents points in the latter direction.

Catherine Carter once again raises the question of the historical and the "period" novel. Where does the one end and the other begin? One thinks of a "period" novel as an artificial, impressionistic potboiler and the majority are little better than that. Indeed, Miss Hansford Johnson's book bears signs of the atmospheric writing that we associate with the film script. Yet, long before we have finished this 460-page evocation of the Victorian theatre we realise that this book is far from being a potboiler. It is, rather, a clever writer's purple indiscretion. Miss Hansford Johnson is an accomplished novelist who has surrendered to the impulse to hurl her creative bonnet over the windmill. Her gaslit heroine and twopence-coloured background lie outside the diocese of the critical conscience and one must read her book in the spirit in which she appears to have written it. Certainly, it is an indiscretion that I thoroughly enjoyed sharing. The author has visualised the Belvedere Theatre and its inmates with such a passionate imagination (and, in the case of some of her characters, with a perceptive sharpness that recalls her earlier novels) that one forgives her for modelling her hero's traits on Irving and basing incidents on theatrical history. One even forgives her for re-writing Clement Scott's notices and getting Mrs. Charlotte Charke's name wrong (but would Cibber's disgraced daughter ever have adorned a green room picture gallery?) Miss Hansford Johnson's vision only fails her in the case of the Irvingesque Peverel himself. She is unable to communicate the man's greatness as an actor. Her heroine is enchanting but her hero leaves one feeling, as Hazlitt said of Kemble, that though the temple is unimpaired, the divinity is sometimes from home.

JOHN RAYMOND

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Sociology is the most ambitious but least advanced of the social sciences. Mr. Hutchison and Mr. Sternberg have tried to write about changes in the social fabric, but they do not know how to go about it. The general science of society that might have helped them does not exist, and they lack the genius to improvise their own analytical technique.

Mr. Hutchison gave up the ghost earlier than Mr. Sternberg in his search for an appropriate method of analysis. He relies on the simple principle of chronological order for the arrangement of his facts. This may do very well for an elementary textbook of history, but it is not good enough for a sociological work. Mr. Hutchison's title commits him to the role of sociologist, and the sociologist must begin where the historian leaves off. The basic data of history are human actions, which the historian interprets according to the purpose which he believes that they had when they occurred. The events of history require interpretation before they achieve the status of comprehensible facts, and the historian's task is to supply this interpretation. The data for a sociological analysis of the past are the results of the historian's interpretation. He provides the evidence of past human behaviour, which the sociologist can then analyse for trends and uniformities of social change. This Mr. Hutchison has barely attempted. He has given a general history of England since the Industrial Revolution—an account which is done in the Oxford histories in a more adequate and scholarly manner. The Oxford histories do not go beyond 1914, but it cannot be said that Mr. Hutchison has thrown any new light on the period from 1914 to the present day.

Mr. Sternberg has failings of a different kind. He does not, for example, suffer from Mr. Hutchison's timidity in analysing the facts of history, but selects boldly what will serve to illustrate his theory. But it would have been possible to illustrate the theory more adequately than he has done, because he relies too heavily on German sources, some of which are out of date. The theory is that capitalism requires "historical conditions" which provide it with expanding markets. Mr. Sternberg traces the expansion of capitalist production first into European markets which had previously been fed by craft industries; then across the plains of America; and finally into Asia and Africa, where markets are opened by imperialist conquest. The theory is more flexible

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than the Marxist version, because Mr. Sternberg only postulates that conditions must permit expansion. He does not lay down, as do the Marxists, that the course of history up to 1914 illustrates all the possible conditions for capitalist expansion—that imperialism was necessarily the last phase. On the other hand, he does not go into the question of whether the possibilities are exhausted. He does not explain why capitalist production to-day has possibilities of expansion which no one would have dreamed of in the 1930s. He casts no light on what we may expect from the remarkably interesting contemporary changes in the circumstances surrounding capitalism. The equalisation of incomes within nations, for example, has created conditions of expanding domestic demand. And an even more important change is the equalisation of incomes between nations. The prosperity of the nations producing primary commodities has created an insatiable market for machinery and other capital goods. And the current tendency is to bring the great poverty-stricken nations of Asia up to Western standards. The British capital goods industry would be fully occupied for a century if a serious attempt was made to provide India with a steel industry and an electricity network. Mr. Sternberg does not round out his theory by indicating these current trends and future possibilities.

But it is doubtful whether Mr. Sternberg's theory is adequate to justify the title *Capitalism and Socialism On Trial*. The implication of his theory is that prosperity is the solution of the stresses to which capitalist society is subject. Unfortunately, it is precisely the wealthy societies of the West that are the more discontented and the least stable. Capitalism cannot be beaten as a system for producing wealth. But it creates great stresses in the fabric of society by opening men's eyes to possibilities which they cannot quickly attain. It arouses expectations of wealth, freedom and happiness which it does not satisfy. And men are inclined to be dissatisfied with a society which promises more than it fulfils, no less than with an individual. With this, and kindred matters, Mr. Sternberg does not deal.

RICHARD WINTER

NEAPOLITAN SILVER

Return to Naples. By GIUSEPPE MAROTTA. Translated by FRANCES FRENAYE. *Dobson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

When, rather more than a year ago, Giuseppe Marotta's *Neapolitan Gold* came my way, I met a new and delightful writer. And not only I; Sir Desmond MacCarthy and Mr. Henry Reed, among others, shared my enthusiasm. In the loneliness of print, we positively hugged ourselves. Had we been, not English but Italian like the object of our admiration, no doubt we should have met in a café to hug one another, and to chant Marotta for the evening. What charm! one might have said. Another, Doesn't he know how suspect *that* is? A third (Desmond, I fancy): He'd have almost too much charm, if it weren't ruled by a lively pity. What I envy most (this would be myself speaking) is his lightness of touch: even when dealing with tragedy—even in translation—he makes words defy the law of gravity. And at this point probably Henry Reed would have begun gently insisting about Naples and back alleys and Tasso and sex.

Naples (which I have yet to visit) will be always for me Marotta's, as Dublin is Joyce's and Trieste Svevo's. It inspires him fantastically, and the more fantastic he becomes, the truer (it would seem) his picture of homecoming. Even the train for Naples, waiting to set off in Rome, has a different look from any other. On the platform operatic longings beset the wife dividing (as it turns out) from her husband for four days; fate itself brings the ticket-collector before a fat man who at that moment has disappeared under a snow-storm of provisions, from which it will take him hours to eat his way out; and then seven dead sons, martyred on the battlefield, arise out of an old couple's lamentation—their grief, in strophe and antistrophe, is no less real because it has enjoyed a long run. No wonder, when the train reaches Naples, even the sun and a flurry of rain know their cues.

> Didn't everything in Naples seem to be playing a part? The lambs and goats hanging in the butcher shops were playing theirs with real guts. Their meat had a deep, heroic colour such as I had never seen before. "We died for our ideals and our country," the quarters of beef seemed to be saying. "No one can afford to buy our steaks . . ."

So, in alleys and windows, we are introduced to the crowd's drama. They love frantically, they boast, they beg, they sob and munch pumpkin seeds, they serenade, they stab, they starve or eat like elephants, they adore Jesus (the Jesus Neapolitan) and look for miracles in state lotteries. Do they exaggerate? Does Marotta? They and he are the inevitable accomplices in a piece of legend-making without which neither could live a single day. Their city climbs crazily and stinks and has suffered bombardments and devaluations and is mirrored by the sea. They *are* Naples, let no one pretend otherwise.

Marotta is the most lyrical of gossips. Everything goes straight into his personal column. If he pokes his nose out of doors the sun will immediately lead him by it, and once for a whole day he wore a gas inspector's cap for the sheer joy of penetrating into lives which had hitherto lurked behind closed doors. He explores the black market, probes the history of the slashed cheek, peers into the old beggar's eyes for traces of the prancing Don he has known, watches the rainbow fade off a spot of oil in the harbour, and levitates by some instinctive sympathy whatever he touches. Saint Vincent will excite him no less, and no more, than the indomitable, mild, travelled eel he expects for Christmas. He has a weakness for rogues, saints, women, children, the sun. Most of all perhaps he loves the heroes and martyrs of poverty, with whom Naples, to be Naples, must be crowned. Always, if extravagantly, he pins down the individual, and his cadenza on an Uncle sails from the general to the particular with unnoticeable swiftness. The Pathetic Fallacy has found no more brilliant exponent among modern prose-writers than Marotta, whose every sentence whistles, nudges, points. *Return to Naples* hasn't quite the riches of its predecessor, being almost journalistic in its round of visits and jumps to the gay story; but if not gold, it is pure silver.

G. W. STONIER

SHORTER REVIEWS

Written by Hand. By AUBREY WEST. *Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Aubrey West has made two original contributions to the study of handwriting. He is the first to call attention to the fact that calligraphy is a minor art within the reach of all who can afford pen, ink, paper. He is, one could say, the first populariser of the calligraphic revival which up to the present has been confined to the select and bookish few. A plain business man, who stumbled with surprise, two years ago, on a book of Mr. Alfred Fairbank's, he has experienced the creative satisfactions, the modest raptures, of transforming a nondescript hand into one which—though perhaps a trifle mannered and Gothic for some tastes—is the envy of most beholders. Enchanted by his own discovery and experience, Mr. West then set about converting the heathen with the most exemplary zeal, and in his eagerness produced his second piece of useful originality. This was to persuade the fountain-pen manufacturers to make a nib which fulfilled the functions of the lettering pen, or hand-cut quill. Nobody nowadays is going to learn an elegant italic chancery hand if one has to stop every few minutes to "mend a pen"; a suitable nib in a fountain-pen was the solution, and Mr. West badgered until he got one. He then attacked ink, and succeeded in producing a dead black manuscript ink which will flow in a fountain pen.

Having done all this, Mr. West found himself still burning with missionary zeal: he longed to share his discoveries and his pleasures with the next man.

The best way to do this is to write a simple book of modest price, which everyone can buy; and this is exactly what he has done. There have been more comprehensive accounts of the history of handwriting, and more ambitious (and expensive) volumes by other people are already in preparation: but *Written by Hand* has the merit of being practical and cheap, and is spreading the gospel in a great many virgin fields, which is just what the author intended.

Nelson's Band of Brothers. By LUDOVIC KENNEDY. *Odhams Press.* 16*s.*

Nelson's saga, like those of the legendary Icelandic heroes, thrives by constant repetition. Year by year the spell on his devotees is cast afresh, by chanting out loud the tale of St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen and Trafalgar. Mr. Kennedy follows in the wake of a fleet of predecessors; but his account of the last ten heroic years of Nelson's life is enriched with biographical sketches of fourteen of the sea-captains who had a share in these victories. The famous "band of brothers" was only to be seen at its best when braced together in face of the enemy. Mr. Kennedy's research indicates that at more leisurely moments jealousy was as common among them as is usual in family circles. Most of them were poor younger sons of country gentlemen, who could not afford to be magnanimous where their careers were at stake. Nelson's solicitude for his naval family was positively maternal. "My darling children," he would call them in an access of motherly affection; and a word of reproach from him would bring tears to their weather-beaten cheeks. The mother-son relationship, into which the Admiral and his subordinates drifted, would seem less strange if the extraordinary feminine element in Nelson were recognised. (Under emotional stress he invariably behaved like a temperamental prima donna.) But it becomes obvious enough when Lady Hamilton bursts upon the scene. The captains react as sheepishly to the unwelcome visitor as if mother had suddenly been caught out in a guilty amour, which they could not face.

Of all the captains who served under Nelson, Troubridge was the only one to approach him in genius. Nowadays that position is invidious; and pious biographers have to decry his ability in order to keep their hero inviolate on his pedestal. In the futile attack on Santa Cruz, in which Nelson lost his arm, all the credit should go to Troubridge and all the blame to Nelson, but Mr. Kennedy is not alone in turning a blind eye to the intolerable evidence.

The book contains much valuable material gathered from unpublished sources but, as a work of scholarship for future reference, is impaired by the worthlessness of its index.

Elizabethan Lyrics. By CATHERINE ING. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

Elizabethan lyric writing was the product of highly conscious artists, rather than the untutored crying of a nest of singing birds. To isolate the special quality of the finer lyric poets of the time, Mrs. Ing begins by scrutinising Renaissance notions of metre: the theoretical systems of Puttenham, King James and Campion, devoting, in the process, a useful chapter to equivalent terms in Elizabethan and modern prosody. With verse in general, the lyric showed the influence of visual thinking, for example submissiveness to the emblem *genre*. Analysing English writing in quantity, Mrs. Ing is perhaps too brief: only Campion is dealt with in detail: an obvious choice in view of his intimate connection with rhymed lyric and its accompanying music. His work in classical metres is uniquely successful because of its acute reliance on the natural rhythms of English. These quantitative poems can, in fact, be scanned accentually. In the second half Mrs. Ing discusses the relation in detail between Elizabethan lyric and music, concluding with an examination of individual poems from Jonson, Campion and Donne, and noting the psychological utility of the songs in Shakespeare's drama.

The publishers' claim, though, that Mrs. Ing's book places "all students and amateurs of English poetry in her debt" can hardly be maintained. Only the most remorseless student will be likely to endure until the end. While her conclusions are sound, most of her matter is derived; her style, again, is lucid enough, but muted and dull. There is indeed little here that is likely to inflame the imagination, or even to convince one that the author has any profound enthusiasm for her subject.

The Young Wage-Earner. By THOMAS FERGUSON and JAMES CUNNISON. *Oxford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The value of social research is in no sense diminished when it merely confirms the conclusions of guesswork. It justifies social action in place of the wringing of hands. One could guess, perhaps, that about one boy in four, leaving school at fourteen, is at seventeen still in a "stop-gap" job (perhaps his fifth or sixth) with no idea of settling down; that three in four have never been to evening classes and one in two have never been to church. But this Glasgow survey for the Nuffield Foundation gives more significant facts than these. Although, for example, boys from overcrowded slums are less healthy than boys from "good working-class homes," they stay away less from their work because they have nowhere to be comfortably ill—and they are not more delinquent until after they leave school. It will be a surprise to many teachers that four-fifths of the 1,349 boys dealt with in the Report left school *knowing* the kind of jobs they wanted—and that two-thirds wanted skilled manual work although, for boys, it brings in less money than unskilled labouring.

Job-changing is inevitable while the school-leaving age is low, but this Report makes a sensible distinction between "drifting" and purposeful changing. (Even a drifter, by the way, may be unconsciously finding his level. Staying in the job where you began at fourteen is no necessary guarantee either of integrity or of character.) The concluding demands of the Report, for better housing and more vocational guidance (the latter, at present, is hardly more than a gesture), may be obvious ones; but they are powerfully backed by figures and antitheses which, though they could certainly have been more vividly and readably presented, at once set the perfect pattern for more widespread inquiry and indicate what its broad results are likely to be.

Arran with Camera and Sketchbook. By V. A. FIRSOFF. *Hale.* 18*s.*

Arran is one of the holiday islands, offering its rocks, glens, lochs, sands and western softness to trippers from Glasgow, middle-class families from all Scotland and rock-climbers from anywhere. It has played a part in any number of topographical or mountaineering books, but has not, for a long time, had a book to itself. Now comes Mr. Firsoff—who by this time, we gather, is a resident—with enthusiasm as great as any old Arran hand, a load of interests in excess of most visitors', and an ability to take good pictures, whether prospects or close-ups, and to sketch a moth, a megalith

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or a rock-crystal. He has pressed through the surface holiday charm in search of the essential, enduring characteristics of Arran. Prehistoric monuments, geological formations, the island's real economic basis (it imports visitors and bread, exports its laundry and potatoes) are all brought into the picture along with Robert the Bruce, the old tweed mill at Lamlash, the new creamery near Kildonan, the pyrites workings up Glen Sannox, the fuchsias and the deer.

Information is not segregated from description, but acquired in the course of Mr. Firsoff's walks about the island. He is indefatigable in energy and curiosity: to follow his routes one would need to be a very fair climber; to follow his narrative one needs a certain toughness too, an ability to take in one's stride phrases like "the autumn had spread chrysanthemum-tinted rugs" or "the wind ruffled the old bracken with a hasty hand." Mr. Firsoff's prose lags far behind his observation, and accurate description too often fades into lush verbiage and easy sentiment. Writing about hills has its discipline no less than hill-walking.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,145

Set by Naomi Lewis

It has been suggested that there is too much rude peremptoriness in civic life. Prizes are offered for a persuasive, dignified and reasoning substitute, in not more than 80 words of prose or 6 lines of verse, for any one of the following: Keep off the grass. Commit no nuisance. One-way street. Ladies only. No parking. Queue here. Silence. Trespassers will be prosecuted. Private. No hawkers or circulars. Entries by February 12th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,142

Set by A. G. Rochelle

Prizes are offered for an extract or extracts from a Contemporary Manual of Witchcraft in verse or prose (maximum 10 lines verse or 150 words prose).

Report by A. G. Rochelle

"As a career," writes competitor Joan Lorne, "witchcraft (or the study of how to make the human mind believe the incredible) is unrivalled." We had hoped for some really up-to-date professional material, for even since the time of our own *ægrotat* from the College of Necromancy, advance in research must have been considerable. Yet many of the extracts submitted, love-philtres and such, must have been first-year stuff in the days when Gilles de Rais was Rector. We were glad, however, to have D. R. Peddy's note on the Director of Necromantic Navigation, who "formulates flying regulations for witches in liaison with the Air and Civil Aviation Ministries, and is chairman of the Bare Mountains Conservancy Board"; Alan Wharam's information about cauldron-wrights and makers of electro-brooms; the conclusion of E. L. Moor's mechanical curse—"Carbon exhaust outlet bar, EDOC YAWHGIH ARBEZ TLAH!"; some instances from the *Index Maleficus* of R. J. P. Hewison, viz.:

Areas Over-witched: equalisation arrangements.
Broomstick—*see* Apparatus, obsolete.
Familiar Allowances—*see* Illfare State.
Fertility, how to induce in one's enemies.

And others from that of Granville Garley:

Oile of Adder, *see* National Health Service.
Omens, unlucky: Schedule A forms. "The Editor Regrets." Visits from the police.
Sabbath: Square dances for the.
Satan's posterior, ways of saluting.

Honourable mention to Nancy Gunter, Fergie, J. B. B. Aris, D. Stewart, Joyce Johnson, Anne Kelly, Chela. Two guineas each are awarded to A. C. Simmons and H. H. Boyeson, one to John Herbert, and 10s. 6d. each to C. H. Bailey and Lakon.

Success:

If success has eluded you, examine, first of all, your aims, then exorcise or propitiate the influences which prevent you attaining them, thus:

1. Worldly desires: e.g., television set, motor car, an extra five hundred a year. Assemble the symbols. Television aerial "H," car wheels "OOOO," five hundred (in Roman numerals) "D." Rearranged you discover HOODOO. There are no external animosities, the influence is personal. Write the symbols on paper, roll a cigarette, light up and dissolve your hoodoo in smoke.

2. Political ambition: e.g., to become a Member of Parliament, to serve your King and to foster the American relationship. Assemble the symbols M.P., G.R., U.S.A. Rearranged you discover GRAMPUS (kinds of blowing and spouting cetaceans: Oxford Dictionary). Perforate the letters on Havana leaf, roll, smoke and scatter the sacrifical ash in the creature's natural element at Westminster.

A. C. Simmons

On the Obscuring of Important Issues: With alternate cries of *Shame* and *Order*, advance to the centre of the floor. There secure the Heart of a Preconceived Notion and prepare an infusion of Trivia, which shall consist of a pinch of Calumny and one of Mordaunt Wit, several Digressions, Charges and Counter Charges in equal proportion, one packet of Lies, and a sprig of Half-truths. Mix well and stir into a broth of Invective for an unconscionable time.

Should the mess not come to a boil, fan the flame with an Ill Wind. The whole fabrication then should be removed carefully, far from reality, and read in a high voice reeking with Innuendo.

Passages from the *Reductio ad Absurdum* (Potter's revised edition) may be added and the Diatribe concluded with the intoning of *Non Sequiturs*. All dignitaries to wear False Hoods and stand on their rights. (*Procedural Witchcraft, 1951*, p. 78.)

H. H. Boyesen

Charm for the Recognising of a Fellow Traveller

Another mode of employing devils and spirits for this purpose is observed in D. Nacheson's *Elementary Exorcisme* (California edition). For the speedy execution of it, the suspect should best be any idealist, an atomic scientist or at least a pacifist of unimpeachable morals and modesty of manner. He must not be a papist priest.

First make an image of him and pierce with pins, needles, nails, awls or other pointed implements. If the month be October, draw a circle round about. Turn slowly from West to East. Next weigh the suspect against the works of Lenin, repeating seven times this incantation:

Hammer take and tormentil,
Sickle, salt and salicyl,
Purgo dirum Ogpuphile.

If the scale holding the books be depressed, the wretch will confess his guilt; if instead he is depressed, a severe course of discipline by grilling is necessary.

John Herbert

To Make a Face

Pour some boiling water into basin and hold your face over the steam, then take a rough cloth and rub the face vigorously with small circular motions.

Make a little muslin bag and put some oatmeal in it; dip it in the hot water and work over the face.

Wrap two pieces of lint round the two middle fingers of each hand, and squeeze all blackheads.

Spread a night-cream lightly over the skin, and tap gently with the finger-tips.

Massage the face, and apply a beauty mask and some muscle-strapping.

Tighten the skin with an astringent lotion.

Cover "crow's-feet" and "salt-cellars" by smoothing a foundation cream all over the face until there is an even surface.

Fasten the eyelashes securely, and pencil the eyebrows with a fine, firm line.

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Great care should be taken when applying the mouth. When doing this, purse the lips and say "Q," and then say "X." C. H. BAILEY

. . . Although the advanced practitioner will require an honours degree and a Government appointment, certain spells and incantations can be used with telling effect by the tyro. Here are a few:

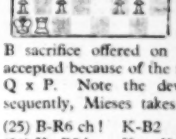
1. *To freeze the heart of an æsthete:* Make plastic images of his household gods, chanting:
   Polystyr'ene! Polymeth'yl—meth'acrylate!
   Polyvi'nyl-chlor'ide and a'cetate!
2. *To fly by night:*
   B.O.A.C. and B.E.A.
   Cut your rates till break of day.
3. *To fly faster:*
   Reheat! Ramjet! Athodyd! Rocketry!
   Mach wave! Shock wave! Supersonic technology!
4. *To make things disappear:*
   Amatol! Trinitrotoluene!
   Uranium! Plutonium! Hydrogene!
5. *To connive a fellow-traveller:*
   Hush-hush. Top Secret! Security drive! . . .
   Harwell! Cherwell! M.I.5!

LAKON

CHESS : Four Score Years and Seven

No. 122

Some time this month Jaques Mieses will be 87. He wouldn't tell me the day, but I know it is in February. He prefers to talk of his boyhood in Leipzig where he liked to listen to people who saw the great Napoleon enter the city—eye-witnesses much younger than he now is. He was over 70 when Hitler had come and made him seek a new home in this country; he was over 80 when Hitler had gone and, on a brief visit to his native land, *Altmeister* Mieses could go on a triumphant tour of simultaneous performances just as he used to do half a century earlier. He was 74 when at Margate he won 1st prize scoring 9½ of 11, he was 80 when he won the brilliancy prize at Hastings, precisely fifty years after he had played in the first of all Hastings tournaments. He has probably won more brilliancy prizes than anybody, and he has certainly been the most prolific and successful chess author of the last sixty years. He is writing a book now, and one of his few concessions to old age seems to be this that his daily swim in Hampstead Heath has recently been restricted to late spring and summer. To pick a game or two from so great a collection is truly a case of *embarras de richesse*. Here is one of his own favourites, a position reached against Mason (Black) at Monte Carlo, 1901. Obviously, the B sacrifice offered on the 25 move could not be accepted because of the threat of R x Kt, followed by Q x P. Note the devious route by which, subsequently, Mieses takes his Q into decisive action.



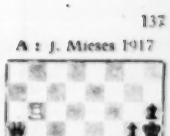
(25) B-R6 ch !	K-B2	(33) Q-Q6 !	Q-K3
(26) Kt-B5 !	Kt x Kt	(34) Q x P	B-B1
(27) KtP x Kt	R-QKt1	(35) B x B	Q x B
(28) R-B3	Q-Kt4	(36) R x P	R-K3
(29) Q-K1 ! !	Q-Kt5	(37) R-KB7	K-K1
(30) R-Q1	QR-K1	(38) Q x QRP	KR-KB1
(31) Q-R1 !	K-Q1	(39) R-QKt7	resigns
(32) Q-R2	P x P		

Here is the game won by Mieses (Black) against Schlechter at Petersburg 1909.

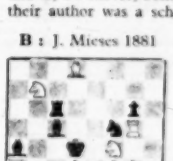
(1) P-K4	P-Q4	(13) P x Kt	P-K3
(2) P x P	Q x P	(14) P-K4	R-Q2
(3) Kt-QB3	Q-QR4	(15) P-QR3	Kt-Kt5
(4) P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(16) R-B3	Q-KKt4
(5) B-QB4	Kt-B3	(17) Kt-Q1	Q-Q1
(6) KKt-K2	B-K3 !	(18) Kt(1)-B3	Q-Kt4
(7) B-Q3	O-O-O	(19) Kt-Q1	B-Q3
(8) O-O	B-B4	(20) P-K5	B x KP !
(9) B-K3	B x B	(21) P x B	Q-R5
(10) Q x B	Kt-QKt5	(22) R-Kt3	Q x P ch
(11) Q-B4	Kt x BP	(23) K-B1	R x Ktch
(12) QR-B1	Kt x B	(24) R x R	Q x R etc

(22) P-R3 is countered by Q-K8 etc. Black's 6 move was much praised at the time by none less than Emanuel Lasker. A few years later, in a simultaneous performance Mieses (White) achieved a spectacular win in this position. By finding how he did it competitors can earn 4 ladder-points. As for **B**, a 2-mover and **C**, a 3-mover, both of them were composed when their author was a schoolboy of 16. Our problem-

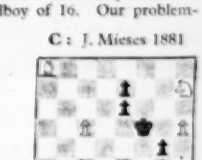
A : J. Mieses 1917



B : J. Mieses 1881



C : J. Mieses 1881



addicts will agree that these are elegant little pieces, though none too difficult and amply rated with 5 and 6 points respectively.

Usual prizes. Entries by February 11.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set January 12

A : (1) Q-R4, QxQ. (2) R-KKt4, etc.

B : (1) Kt-B6 ch, K-K6. (2) P-R4, R x P. (3) Kt-K7, R-Kt6. (4) Kt-B5 ch, etc., if (2) Kt-K7 ? K-B7. (3) P-R4, R-Kt8 ch, etc., draws.

C : (1) B-B6 ch, K-K1. (2) B-R5, R x B. (3) P-Kt7, R-Kt4. (4) B x R, B-B1. (5) P-Kt8 (B½), B-R6. (6) B-B7 ch, K-B1. (7) B-R6 mate . . . if (5) . . . B-Kt2 White mates on K7.

Many competitors were stumped by **B**, and even more failed to see the final subtleties of **C**. Prizes shared by D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman, F. Jaeck, A. J. Roycroft.

ASSIAC

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

CORNWALL. (South) Kennack Sands, nearly to Cadgwith, Coverack, Lizard and Mullion. Quiet friendly Guest House close to safe sandy beach. Magnificent sea views. Mrs. Smout, Kennack House, Kuggar, Ruan Minor, nr. Helston, Cornwall.

PEMBROKESHIRE cliffs for flowers and birds. Guests in Naturalist's country bungalow. Pegity Cot, St. Davids.

TYE Rock Hotel, Porthleven, S. Cornwall. Ideal for spring and early summer holidays. Directly facing sea in own grounds. Abundant home-cooked food. All modern comforts. A.A. recomm. Phone 316.

TINTAGEL, Cornwall. Trethevy House Private Hotel. Overlooking beautiful Rocky Valley to the sea and situated on 12th century site of St. Piran's monastery. Excellent accommodation and home cooking. Write for brochure. Tel. Tintagel 57.

PENSION Tanit, Rue Alexandre Dumas, St. Maurice, Nice, Cote d'Azur, offers you a home from home, with all modernised comforts, hot and cold running water in all rooms, pleasant cosy garden with lounge, with nice tasty meals, for Fr. 800—about 16s. a day. The place is nicely situated in a quiet district, about 5 minutes from the main station with the No. 1/35 and 2 bus stopping Place Gravier. Swiss Proprietor.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Houses for hire. Terms Spnr. weekly. Tel. Robertsbridge 148.

THE Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye, superb position, new management, fresh ideas, extensive improvements. Winter terms to suit modest incomes. Rye 2216.

FINHAUT, Switzerland. Beautiful mountain village near Mont Blanc. Good hotels and all amenities. Very low inclusive prices. Easy journey from Victoria. British representative: C. Rockett, No. 8, South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel: 2812.

WORTHING—Home of poet Henley. Highest standard catering, comfort, real individual attention. 5-7gns. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621. Brochure.

DUBLIN. Bed & breakfast, 13s. to 15s. according to length of stay. Retired doctor's household. Mrs. Carney, 17 Nutgrove Park, Clonskeagh, Dublin.

SWITZERLAND. Hotel Pension Landre, Oberhofen a/Thunersee. Sm. Hotel directly by Lake. Vi. mod. prices. Families welcome.

HOLIDAYS Woolacombe. Glorious Devon. Board residence, very comfortable house adjoining 3 miles golden sands. Write Mrs. M. Gatness, "Sea View."

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

WINTER is warmer at Farringford Country House Hotel, Freshwater, Isle of Wight. Set amid a lovely wooded estate bordering the sea. Individual service. Garage. Details from the Manager, Farringford Hotel, Freshwater, I.O.W. Tel. 312.

PARIS. You are sure of every comfort at the Imperial Hotel, 45 rue de la Victoire, 9e. Tel. TRInite 10-47. Single rooms at 700 francs, double at 900. Quiet, central. Write for brochure or booking.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House in loveliest beauty spot on South Coast. 3 min. sandy beach, h. & c., Continental cooking. Children welcomed. Mrs. Golding, "Waveney," Park Rd. Phone 2804.

S. DEVON. Overlooking Start Bay. An 18th century country house in beautiful surrndgs. Every comf., excel. food. Bathing, sailing, fishing. Now booking for Easter & Summer. White Ladies, Stoke Fleming. Tel. Stoke Fleming 246. (Under new ownership.)

FRENCH Riviera: Hotel Sévigné, Roquebrune, Cap Martin. Flowered terrace overlooking sea. Ideal climate. Excel. cuisine. Mod. charges. 1,000 yards from Monte-Carlo Casino. Open all year. R. Prévot.

PORTH TOCYN Hotel, nr. Abersoch, on own headland, has finest Sea and Mountain views in Wales. Tennis, Sailing, Golf. All usual modern comforts plus intelligent cooking & willing service. Tel. Abersoch 66.

NOW is the time to book for your Spring or Summer holiday! Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, set amidst glorious scenery, offers good food and comfort in friendly atmosphere. Vegans catered for. Member Vegetarian Catering Assoc. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

SWANAGE. The Chatsworth Private Hotel, Ulwell Rd., close to the sea, having all modern conveniences and first-class catering, is highly recommended. Terms 5½-7½gns. Reduction for children. Phone: 2128.

WHY not a Farm Holiday? The 1952 Farm Holiday Guide lists farms all over Britain, with comfortable rooms, nourishing food and good companionship. Fishing, shooting, riding, wonderful walks; the Guide contains scores of farms at most reasonable rates. Send address and 2s. 3d. P.O. and Guide comes post paid by return from David Murdoch, Publisher, Dept. NSN., 49, Broomlands Street, Paisley.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel —53 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 6gns. wkly., 7-9gns. June onwards. Tel. 1944.

RYE. The Old Flushing Inn welcomes those looking for quiet and comfortable accommodation. Full board £1 1s. per day.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Kathleen Batten's unique Hotel where you find lovely food, every comfort and informal atmosphere. 'Phone: Sharpthorne 17.

PENARTH. "Vegetarian Guest Ho." Rectory, St. Wales coast. Ideal situ. Pleasnt. hol. resort. O'lkg. sea. Attractive categ. Brochure.

RYE (near). Country cottage welcomes P.G.s for holidays. Quiet and restful. Farm produce. Fully booked April. Grahame James, The Mill, Iden, Sx. Iden 205.

SWITZERLAND.—Convalescence, holidays, winter sports, ski-school. Guest house at 3,370ft. with every comfort, excellent cuisine, personal attention. Daily: 14-15.50 francs incl. Brochure, "Le Cerisier," Caux s/Montreux.

HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78 Marina; on sea front; completely modernised, H. & C. in all bedrms.; every comf. Summer terms: 5-7gns. Spec. terms Easter & Whitsun. Hastings 5110.

GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on West Cornish coast. Sgns. Nora Frame, Mariner's Cottage, Boscallack, St. Just.

CO. Galway, Clifden. Oliver St. G. Hawksley, proprietor, Rock Glen Hotel—country house touring centre for 12 Bens of Connemara—advises early reservations, 16 bedrooms only.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy Str., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

TAPE and Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range from Sound Painrek (N.), 28 New Bond St., W.1. MAY. 3903.

AVOID furs got by torture; particularly ermine. Write for Fur Crusade leaflets from Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Rd., London, S.W.10. Funds are needed.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

HEAL'S have a selection of exclusive carpets and rugs which they have specially designed for use with Contemporary Furniture. Please write for further particulars and patterns. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

"SMIT" (Dutch) Diesel Engines 10-19 h.p. and 20-38 h.p. Firms having after-sales facilities considered for Sole Agency against satisfactory initial orders. Allen Walters & Co. Ltd., 6a St. John's Hill, London, S.W.11. Cables "Lenwal-London."

PARACHUTES. (1) Pure Heavy English Silk, White or Primrose; each panel 36in. × 132in., 3in. at cap. 2 panels 15/-, 4 panels 27/-, 6d., 8 panels 52/-, 6d. (2) Nylon, Peach, Rose or Light Blue; each panel 36½in. × 150in.; 2 panels 20/-, 4 panels 37/-, 6d., 8 panels 72/-, 6d. New Irish Linen Lengths, (1) Natural Shade (a) 6yds. × 24in., each, 22/-, 6d.; (b) 6yds. × 32in., each 25/-. (2) Embroidery, White, 5yds. × 27in., each, 17/-, 6d. Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 185), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., N.16.

GREAT Sale Offers. New Ladies' Dresses. Multi-coloured design. Button through, short sleeves and belt, all sizes: (a) Printed Cotton, each 14/-, 11d.; (b) Spun Rayon, each 19/-, 11d. New White Pillowcase Sheets, 58in. × 78in. per pair 31/-, 68in. × 88in. per pair 39/-, 6d., 75in. × 95in. per pair 49/-. New Irish Linen Glass Cloths, each 22in. × 33in., 6 for 17/-, 6d. Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 65), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., London, N.16.

INVISIBLE Mending on all garments—7-day service. Hosiery Mending 4-day Service. Post or call. Bell Invisible Menders, Ltd., 22 New Bond St., London, W.1.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 5 Warwick Gdns, Kensington High St. WES 1198 (ring mornings if possible).

ORIGINAL paintings and drawings by Sickert, Gill, Nevinson, Millais, Frith and other old and modern masters at prices as low as those of reproductions. Price list from Abbott (private address), 73 Castelnau, Barnes.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street," (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

FREEHOLD house, Hampstead. 7 rooms, 2 kitchens and baths, garden. Suitable sharing. £5,250 or near offer. Box 8177.

REAL alternative to house at fraction of cost. Houseboat (unfurn.) near Salcot, 25m. London. Ideal situation, good condition. Large light rooms require normal house furniture. Mains elec. & water. Gas elec. chg. Courtier stove, hot-water, bath. Gangway to shore. Garage if req. Will divide to 2 large flats. Will move than pay for itself if one is let. Owner must sell. £850 after. Platt, Woodpeckers Cottage, Beckenhurst.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Applications are invited for the following positions: Senior Lecturers: Animal Husbandry (Faculty of Agriculture), Engineering (Civil) (2 positions), Pharmacology. Lecturers: Agricultural Botany (Agronomy Section—Faculty of Agriculture), Architecture (2 positions), Architecture (Structural Design), Dentistry (2 positions in Operative Dentistry) (1 position in Prosthetic Dentistry), Engineering (Civil) (3 positions), Engineering (Mechanical) (4 positions in Mechanical Engineering or Mechanical Engineering Design), Engineering (Electrical) (2 positions in Power Engineering and one position in Electronics), Geography (Physical Geography), Veterinary Anatomy, Veterinary Pathology & Bacteriology, Veterinary Physiology, Veterinary Surgery & Obstetrics. The above vacancies mainly arise from a decision to establish permanent lecturerships in place of temporary or part-time appointments. Salaries will be within the range of: Senior Lecturers, £A1,050—£A50—£A1,300; Lecturers, £A650—£A50—£A1,000, with the addition in all cases of cost of living adjustment (at present £A159 males, £A121 females). Salaries will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Acts. The commencing salaries will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful candidates. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is March 3, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Philosophy. Salary, according to qualifications, £A812—£A1,162 per annum (including £A162 cost of living allowance), subject to superannuation contributory policies under F.S.S.U. being transferable. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is February 22, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh, Department of Social Anthropology. Applications are invited for the appointment of Assistant in the Department of Social Anthropology, to undertake tutorial duties and research. Salary £450 per annum. The appointment will be for one year with a possibility of renewal. Applicants should have qualifications in social anthropology, such as a degree or diploma in the subject. Applications, with the names of two referees, should be lodged with the undersigned before March 1, 1952. Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

B.B.C. requires Civil Defence Organiser with duties to include the planning and formation of a B.B.C. Civil Defence organisation, recruitment and selection of Civil Defence Staff; supervision of training and preparation and co-ordination of plans for all B.B.C. premises. Candidates must have initiative, drive and capacity for leadership and be capable of detailed and thorough planning. Previous knowledge of Civil Defence work desirable but not essential, and greater attention will be paid to personal qualifications. Salary £900 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with five annual increments to maximum £1,195 p.a. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Defence N. Stm." within week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamp & addressed envelope.

B.B.C. requires Assistant, Radio Times Editorial Department. Duties: Assistance to the Literary Editor, and some reporting and writing gossip paragraphs about programmes and artists. Experience of subediting and rewriting and a lively interest in radio and other entertainment media are essential. Experience as a radio journalist or correspondent, drama, music or film critic would be useful. Starting salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with five annual increments to maximum £1,065. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Radio Times N. Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

RAMBLERS' Association Services, Ltd., invite applications from young men, preferably 20/26 years of age, for the position of assistant in their foreign travel department. RAS. is an expanding organisation arranging tours for parties and individuals to all parts of Europe and N. Africa. There are good prospects, and opportunities for occasional foreign travel. Interesting work, but long hours at times. Applications, stating salaries earned, marked "Staff Application," to Sec., 48 Park Rd., Baker St., N.W.1.

BRISTOL Marriage & Family Guidance Council invites applications from married man, experienced in social service, for the post of General Secretary. Executive position with responsibility for administration, marriage counselling and educational work. Salary £500 per annum. Apply in writing within two weeks of date of this advertisement giving age, qualifications, experience and references, to The Chairman, Bristol Marriage & Family Guidance Council, 77 Park St., Bristol 1.

THE Council of St. Margaret's House, Bethnal Green, proposes to appoint a Head to take office in the summer of 1952. Particulars from Miss James, St. Paul's School, London, W.14.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. A closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1952, may eventually be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Interviews will be held shortly after the receipt of the completed application form and successful candidates may expect early appointments. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects, and (e) Miscellaneous (including, e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1952; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1952. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have obtained, or be taking examinations during 1952 with a view to obtaining, the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or the General Certificate with two principal subjects, or the Higher National Certificate or other specified qualifications. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Candidates over 28 will generally be expected to have higher qualifications. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer £575–£725 (men); £485–£600 (women). Assistant Experimental Officers £250–£535 (men), £250–£445 (women). Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars and application forms from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95-52. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

TRAINING Colleges, London County Council. Furzedown Training College, Wellam Road, S.W.17. Applications invited for post of Lecturer or Senior Lecturer in Education; thorough insight into psychological and educational needs of children 11-16 required and good experience of teaching children of this age-range. Training college (London) salary scale; duties to begin in September. Application forms obtainable from and returnable as soon as possible to principal of college.

THE Youth Hostels Association (England & Wales) propose to appoint an Advisory Officer at the National Office, Edwyn Garden City, to undertake research and to advise and assist Regional Groups and others regarding (1) the appointment and training of hostel wardens, (2) the organisation of School Journey and Youth Group Parties, and (3) the development of local Groups. Applications are invited from men of good education who have a real enthusiasm for and wide knowledge of the Youth Hostel Movement, a deep love of the countryside and a keen interest in young people. Candidates must be capable speakers and fond of travel. The appointment is for three years in the first instance, subject to satisfactory service. Salary £500 per annum, plus travelling expenses. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the National Secretary, Y.H.A. (E. & W.), Edwyn Garden City, Herts, to whom applications should be sent by February 29, 1952.

READING, Education Committee. South Reading Community Centre. Appointment of Assistant Warden (Woman). Applications are invited for appointment as Woman Assistant Warden of the above Centre. The person appointed will be required to assist the Warden generally in organising the social, educational and recreational activities of the Centre, with responsibility for women's activities and for work with girls in the Youth Club attached to the Centre. Applicants should have had training and/or experience in some aspects of this work. A University Degree, a Social Science Diploma, a recognised teaching qualification or administrative ability would be an added advantage. The salary offered is £470 × £15—£515. The post will be subject to either the Teachers or the Local Government Superannuation Act. Forms of application and particulars of the post are obtainable from the undersigned. Completed applications are returnable not later than February 14, 1952. P. S. Taylor, Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Blagrave Street, Reading.

ORGANISING Club Leader for mixed clubs of all ages wanted for Frances Mary Buss House in East London. Experience of similar post essential. Housekeeper also needed. Residential posts suitable for married couple. Apply stating qualifications and experience and giving references to Secretary, F.M.B. House, North London Collegiate School, Canons, Edgware. Closing date February 15.

BODENHAM Manor Residential School, Bodenham, nr. Hereford. Teacher-in-charge (female) for the above school for 30 maladjusted children—boys and girls. Burnham scale for Special Schools plus residence. Full particulars from The Secretary, Birmingham Society for the Care of Invalid & Nervous Children, 23 Laburnum Rd., Birmingham, 30.

HOUSEMOTHER, educ., under 40, reqd. for small Co-ed. Day School, several boarders. Poss. work husband following own profession; pref. no children. Principal, Ormistan, Wraysbury, Staines, Wraysbury 273.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WEST Sussex County Council. The Children's Committee invites applications for posts on the staff of their new Reception Home at Rustington, near Littlehampton, shortly to be opened for the reception of 19 boys and girls between 5 and 15 years of age. Vacancies exist for: Superintendent, preferably holding Social Science Certificate and/or Diploma of Mental Health Course; Matron, with good domestic and home nursing qualifications; Two House Mothers, preferably holding Home Office Child Care Certificate. All should have particular interest in the purpose of a Reception Home, i.e., the welcome and observation during a limited stay of children for whom a long-term plan of care is necessary. Salaries in accordance with approved scales with, in the case of the senior post, an additional amount for a psychiatric social work qualification, or equivalent experience in the Mental Health field. Letters, with short outline of experience, should be addressed to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester, when requesting application forms and further particulars. The size of the Home unfortunately precludes the appointment of staff with children of their own. T. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council.

WEST Sussex County Council Children's Committee. Applications are invited from women interested in the special needs of children separated from their homes for the post of Assistant House Mother at Littlegreen, Compton, the County Council's Home for 60 related children between the ages of 2 and 14 years. The successful applicant will be responsible, with a House Father, for the care of an all-age "family" of 16 boys and girls. Friendly non-institutional atmosphere. Good holidays. Salary £278 4s. per annum less £75 12s. deducted for board and lodging. Applications from those with children not, unfortunately, acceptable. Further particulars and forms of application obtainable from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester. T. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council.

NATIONAL Marriage Guidance Council invites applications from women of sound education under 45 preferably with experience of work for voluntary organisation as: (a) Office Secretary to act as Chief clerk and personal assistant to General Secretary. Qualifications: shorthand-typing, and experience of controlling small staff. Starting salary £400 p.a. (b) Publications Officer—with facility in drafting and experience in costing, production and distribution of attractive publications. Starting salary £500 p.a. Further particulars and application forms (state whether (a) or (b)) from General Secretary, N.M.G.C., 78 Duke St., London, W.1.

THE Coventry Family Welfare Association invite application for the post of Organising Secretary. Social Science Degree not essential but wide experience in social work necessary. Organisation established over 50 years. Pleasant central office. Write stating age, experience and salary required to Chairman, Board of Management, Family Welfare Association, 26 Warwick Row, Coventry.

SHEFFIELD Council of Social Service Old People's Welfare Department. Wanted, Organiser, Social Science Diploma desirable; organising ability essential. Salary £500-£600 per annum. Apply to the General Secretary, 155, Norfolk St., Sheffield, 1.

WANTED: Matron for Girls' Modern Residential Club, London. Must be expd. in admin., catering, handling staff & yng. residents. Gd. sal. All Found. Box 8628.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist required for educational departments. Permanent; pensionable; generous holidays. School Certificate and good typing essential. Present scale £5 15s. 6d. at age 21, rising according to age to £7 8s. 6d. (additional bonus under consideration). Apply by letter with full particulars of experience to the Secretary, Northampton Polytechnic, St. John Street, E.C.1 (Near Angel Station).

APPLICATIONS are invited from well-educated women for the post of Assistant General Secretary to the Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency, 8 Bourdon Street, W.1. Duties comprise administrative work in connection with publications, incl. some sub-editing. Training Courses and the Library. Comp. sal. £400 p.a. Applics. together with copies of two recent testimonials should be sent to the General Secretary.

EDITOR of monthly journal seeks secretary shorthand-typist (female, 21 to 30) preferably with some journalistic experience. Minimum qualifications are: Rapid, accurate shorthand-typing; sound English and spelling; alert mind; personal drive; residence near Purley, Surrey. Salary £364 p.a. Applications must be in own handwriting stating age, full details of education, and exper. Box 8567.

PROFESSIONAL Organisation requires skilled and efficient personal secretary to senior executive. A well-educated beginner with good speeds would be considered. Salary acding to age & exp. Apply immed. Box 8568.

COOK wanted for Jewish Blind Society's Home for 60 residents. Within easy reach London. Excellent pay and conditions. Apply Matron, "Rokefield," Westcott, nr. Dorking, Surrey. Westcott 13.

EDUCATED farmer requires housekeeper around 30 for small pedigree Suffolk farm. Modern cons. Close buses. Box 8443.

GD. plain cook reqd. happy-go-lucky Devon farm; child welc. Own rms. Box 8504.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

R.A.F. Officer (Navigator), free Oct., formerly journalist, seeks post as organiser or secretary; society or kindred. Suggestions welcomed. Box 8202.

PUBLISHER'S Assistant Manager (39), wide exp. book publishing and printing, seeks responsible position—editorial, typographical or production. Box 8303.

CLINICAL Psychologist, doctor's degree, long experience also teaching backward, mentally defective patients, seeks position. Box 8440.

INTELLIGENT young lady, interests: Literature, Politics, Theatre, seeks congenial well-paid secretarial job. Box 8357.

LIBERAL-minded man offers services to anyone furthering the state of civilised society, as secretary, driver or household controller. Box 8463.

WIDOW, middle-aged (Viennese by birth), seeks position as housekeeper-companion. Cheerful disposition, intelligent, reliable, good cook. Box 8353.

SINGLE man, 34, now assistant to export manager, textiles, desires position home or abroad where initiative and hard work offer unusual prospects. Box 8410.

YOUNG man (30), intelligent, misemployed by nationalized undertaking, requires interesting work of any kind with honest employer, London. Literary tastes. Box 8318.

EXAMINATIONS

ARCHITECTURAL Association School of Architecture. Entrance Examination for admission September 1952 will be held on March 17. Last date for applications: March 1. Full particulars and applications forms from Principal, 36 Bedford Square, W.C.1.

FELLOWSHIPS

THE University of Manchester Simon Research Fellowships. The University is offering to candidates of about ten years' standing from the date of their first degree, one or more Simon Fellowships for advanced study or research in the Social Sciences, this term being construed in a wide sense. The Fellowship, which is of a normal value of £1,150 per annum, is tenable for one year with a possible extension to two years. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, to whom applications should be made not later than March 1, 1952.

HOUBLON-Norman Fund. The Trustees of the Houblon-Norman Fund invite applications for Fellowships or Grants in aid of research into the working of financial and business institutions in Great Britain and elsewhere and the economic conditions affecting them. Apart from exceptional cases, awards will be confined to British-born subjects normally resident in the United Kingdom and will take effect from October 1, 1952. Fellowships will be awarded for one year, renewable for a second year; and the amount of all awards will depend upon the circumstances of the candidate and the likely expenses of his work. Applications should be made not later than March 31 and forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary of the Fund (W. M. Allen), c/o the Bank of England, London, E.C.2. W. M. Allen, Secy.

STUDENTSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Postgraduate Studentships. Applications are invited from Graduates of the University of London for: (a) Postgraduate Studentships in any Faculty, each of the value of £278 and tenable for one year. (b) William Lincoln Shelley Studentship, for advanced study or research in any subject, of the value of £245 a year for one or two years. (c) Mary Ann Britt Studentship in English, of the value of £100* and tenable for one year. (d) William Gilles Research Fellowship (Faculty of Science), value £220* for one year. (e) Postgraduate Travelling Studentships tenable for one year. Value of Studentship will be fixed in each case. For Studentships under (a), (b), (c) and (d) Graduates must be of not more than three years standing; for Studentships under (e) Graduates must be under the age of 28. Applications for all above Studentships must be received not later than 1 March, 1952. Forms and further particulars from Academic Registrar, Senate House, London, W.C.1. *In certain circumstances the Ministry of Education may supplement up to a maximum of £241.

UNIVERSITY College, Hull. The College offers for competition each year a Scholarship in Social Studies of £40 per annum, normally for two years to students who have at least two years' experience in some practical occupation and who wish to obtain a Diploma in Social Studies. (The award is often supplemented by the Local Education Authority of the successful competitor.) Application must be made not later than April 1. Particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Hull.

KENT College, Canterbury. Music Scholarships, one vocal and one instrumental music scholarship, each of value of £50 p.a., will be awarded to boarders in 1952. Candidates must reach a satisfactory standard in Entrance Examination on February 28. Free Tuition Places: A number of Free Tuition Places will be awarded to boarders on the result of the Entrance Examination. Candidates for all these awards must have spent two years in a State-aided Primary School. Particulars from Headmaster's Secretary.

BURSARIES

FIRCROFT. Residential College for Working Men. Bursaries 1952-53. The Fircroft Committee are able to offer six bursaries (£60-£120) for a one year's course of study in Economics, Politics, History, International Relations, Social Studies, English Language and Literature, etc., for the year beginning September 27, 1952. Copies of the prospectus and application forms can be obtained from the Warden, Fircroft College, Bournville, Birmingham, 30.

PERSONAL

THE London County Council seeks the help of a few families within 50 miles of London, in a creative piece of social work. There are some girls leaving approved schools who have no suitable home to which they can return. They need family life and a home where there is understanding of adolescent girls and an interest in the problem of delinquency and the willingness to receive them and help them to complete their progress toward becoming good citizens. If interested, please write to the L.C.C. Area Children's Officer, 313 Harrow Road, London, W.9. (48.)

ENGLISH-speaking mother in Rome seeks help with 3 children, 5, 3, 2; exp. and understanding of children required, no housework; own bed-sitting room, pocket money, half-day free; Summer in the Alps. Write Marsan, Amiterno, 3, Rome, Italy.

RICHMOND. S/c. modern unfurnished rent-free flat and small salary offered to woman willing to give daily domestic service to mother with 2 children. Box 7882.

BOARDING school in N. Midlands is available for accom. of residential summer school or conference for a fortnight during August. Situated in country providing opportunities for interesting walks, cycle rides and similar expeditions with facilities for the usual summer games. River bathing. Box 8484.

OFFICE accommodation requd. by political organisation, Westminster or near. Two rooms, moderate rent. Box 8532.

FAMILY, with children, wanted to share spacious farmhouse, South Scotland. Unfurn. S/C. Kitchen, bathroom, 3 bedrooms, 2 sitting rooms. Large garden. Reas. rent. Near good schools. Box 8485.

IN charming old riverside home a business couple would be welcome as P.G.'s by congenial and artistic family near Hampton Court. Box 8136.

YOUNG woman (30), passable, unconventional, unqualified, but intelligent and adaptable, seeks work (un-moribund), prof. abroad. Wide knowledge boats, farming. Can type (own machine), drive, fair Spanish. Make excellent, amusing secretary/housekeeper./chauffeuse/general factotum. Box 7701.

GERMAN lady (35) would like to stay with English family for 2 months in return for hospitality at her home in Friedrichshafen, on Lake Constance. Box 8460.

ALISON Young, Pianist, Mus. Bac., A.R.C.M., G.R.S.M., has a few vacancies for piano and harmony pupils. 15 Fairlax Road, N.W.6. MAI. 4021.

YOUNG, published writer can undertake work, part-time or at home, proof-reading, etc. Box 8291.

FOR hire: one schoolteacher (24) as governess, nursemaid, ladies' maid, companion, for free passage New York, August. References by request. Box 8279.

MAJORCA (Soller). Guests received, bungalow near sea; £2 p.w. bed and breakfast. FLA. 8667.

FRENCH Student. Home and pocket money offered in exchange for light housework. Kewes, 73 Holden Road, N.12. Hillside 7446.

AUSTRALIA bound, immediate sale. Excellent bargains: wardrobes, beds, tables, dresser, Ascot, etc. Box 8448.

WOMAN 30) sks. companion (f.) cheap tour. Italy/Yugoslavia Spring. Box 8347.

WOMAN classical graduate, 34, wishes companion (f.) for holiday to Italy 1952. Expenses shared. Box 8335.

PROFESSIONAL men & women who usually face the camera with some misgiving should consult John Vickers about their portraits. He specialises in photographs of Writers, Artists and Musicians. John Vickers, 29b Belgrave Rd., London, S.W.1.

WHAT are you doing? When? And Sunday? For planned leisure and pleasure read London's gayest guide to Music (full programmes), Theatres, Theatre Clubs, Cinemas, Opera, Ballet, Art, Country Pleasures. "Playbill" mthly. 1s. Order the February number from your newsagent now.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

PRIVATE School of Painting. Drawing and Composition. Applications invited; for details and prospectus write: Leonard Gay, 1A Montagu Mews South, W.1.

OIL paintings from any photograph, portrait or landscape from £5. Satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. Hughes, 61 Randolph Avenue, W.9. Cun. 2938.

OXFORD Centre for Psychotherapy. Enquiries to the Secretary, The Ridings, Shotover, Oxford.

PERSONAL—continued

GO to Paris for your Easter holidays—8 days for only £19 10s. We have also arranged Spring holidays in Austria, Italy, France and the Riviera, including, for the adventurous, a camping Tour of Sicily at the height of the famous "Primavera Siciliana", whilst further North, it is still possible to enjoy mid-season winter sports in Norway, and in the mountains of Austria and Switzerland. For sailing enthusiasts we can also offer facilities for holidays on the Norfolk Broads. For further details write, 'phone or call at the National Union of Students, Travel Department, 3 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1. EUS. 2184.

WINTER Sports Party to Austrian Tyrol (Kitzbuehel district), February 15, invites few others wanting inexpensive ski-ing holiday. Continental Film Show and Travel Forum, February 8, Chelsea Town Hall, 7-10 p.m. Details and tickets from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

EASTER Holidays. There is still time to book for winter sports holidays in Switzerland and Austria, sightseeing tours in Italy, Austria and Morocco, or walking tours in the Tyrol and Luxembourg. Write for Easter and Summer Programme to Ramblers' Assn., 48 Park Rd., N.W.1.

CRUISING on Canals. A Holiday for the Adventurous. Wide choice of routes in lovely scenery. Good cruisers for 2-6 people. Start from Market Drayton, Stone or Stourport. 600 miles of canals and rivers to cruise on. Joint Canal Cruising Agency (N), Stone, Staffs.

YUGOSLAV Holidays (Apr. to Oct.). Dormitory accom. in hostels, camps of Yugoslav Trade Unions, Youth Movements, etc. Reductions for Youth. Family exchange. Write Sec., 16 Doneraile House, Ebury Bridge, London, S.W.1. Send stamp; state holiday month.

DOUGLAS Glass, Photographer, 43 Black Lion Lane, W.6. RIV. 7522.

ANYONE interested in discussions, science, play-reading, art, music, literature, conversation in foreign languages (meetings held in West End), rambles, etc., please write for particulars: Box 8193.

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SMALL, homely Boarding House for Children and Young People, both sexes, liberal Jewish religion, but vacancies, long and short periods. The House is run on non-profit-making basis by former wardens of the Manchester Jewish Refugees Committee Children's Hostel. Charges therefore reasonable. Apply to Warden, Dunwood House, 401 Wilmslow Rd., Manchester, 20.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Write catalogue good, cheap, antique furniture. Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex. (Nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of showroom space.)

NERVOUS and Muscular relaxation through dynamic breathing. Constance Tracey, WELbeck 5975.

CORSICA. The best Mediterranean Sunshine Holiday is again available—for the 3rd Season—starting May 30 (Whit weekend) until end of September. London-Corsica by Air and fortnight at the Camp de l'Horizon on the beautiful Bay of Calvi for £39 10s. all-inclusive. Full illustrated brochure apply to Horizon Holidays, Limited, 146 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. City 7163.

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SEE Spain in 1952. Finest holiday value in the world. Very favourable exchange rate gives you far more for your money. Glorious individual and conducted holidays. Tours by Rail, Coach or Air. Write now for new brochure to: See Spain, Ltd. (Dept. N.S.), 78 New Oxford St. Phone: MUS. 9351.

EASTER in Paris. Conducted tour Good Friday to Monday, £13 10s., including air travel, hotel and full board. E.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11. BAY. 5916.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

CONTINENTAL Holidays—not "organised" or mass produced, but arranged as you or your friends may want. Spain, 10 days from £24 13s. 6d.; Brittany, 10 days from £16 10s. 6d.; Italy, 15 days from £27 11s. 6d.; also the Riviera, Paris, Austria, Switzerland and other countries. Write for brochure or 'phone Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. WHItehall 4114/5.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

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PERSONAL—continued

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P.S. Good news for impecunious skiers! Harold Ingham has arranged two extra parties. Programme now. March 22 and April 5, Bretaye, Switzerland, 16 days, 25½ guineas. February 16, Obergurgl, Austria, 16 days, 26½ guineas, April 10, Innsbruck and Obergurgl, 18 days, 29½ guineas.

P.P.S. Want to know more? 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Harrow 1040.

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AT 8 Beaufort Gardens, Knightsbridge, S.W.3, furnished rooms, c.h.w., cent. heating, etc., with good service and breakfast, 3½ and 4gns. Kensington 4367.

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CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms. with board, reasonable.

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YOUTH House Community invites applications for residence from either sex. Single divan rooms. Vegetarian restaurant. Apply Secretary, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1.

ROOM vacant for P.G. with family who are interested in all arts. Hampstead Garden Suburb. Nr. station. Box 8444.

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FURNISHED single room, 32s. 6d. No service. Gas ring, gas fire. Near Kew Bridge. 81 Stile Hall Gdns., W.4. CHI. 4166.

TO Let. Newly decorated well-furn. large single bed-sitting room. Share bathroom (three only). Mod. rent. Phone: WIL. 1644.

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YOUNG prof. woman offers another share of s/c Hampstead flat in handsome Georgian house for £11 a month incl. Tel. Mrs. Goldsmith, HAM. 1977/office LAN. 5036.

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FURNISHED room to let. Use of kitchen and bath. Suitable for business lady. Apply Mrs. Gollmann. GER. 2315.

HAMPSTEAD flat s.-c., well-furn., newly decorated, 2 lge. rms., kit., bathrm., garden outlook. Phone. 6gns. wkly. PRI. 2092.

TWO furn. rooms with cooking facils., sep. tel. & cloakroom; attractive surroundings S.E. London. 5 mins. buses & trains. One person only. 2½gns. weekly. Box 8373.

PLEASANT quiet rm. with tel. in small private Kensington hse.; bathrm. opposite; tiny extra rm. as kit., etc. Private lounge & accommodation for visitor available on occasion. 3gns. Box 8355.

FURNISHED flat, Norwood. Bedroom, Dining room, Kitchenette, H.C.W. Share bathroom. 3gns. Box 8348.

N. WALES: Furn. mountain bungalow, 7 rooms, sleep 6. No linen. £5 5s. wkly (July/Aug. £6 6s.). Miss Hartstone, Brentor, Willow Grove, Chislehurst, Kent.

AFTER 20 years travelling City, owner of period cottage overlkg. National Trust Herts & Essex borders wishes exch. for flat/small house London, not suburbs. Box 8457.

TOP flat, 4 rm., £80 p.a., to be exchanged for garden flat or country cottage. Write C. Gillie, 23 Colville Square, W.11.

YOUNG professional couple, both working Central London, need un-semi-furn. flat. Rent about £3 p.w. Box 8455.

4 BUS. ladies req. s/c furn. flat, Central London. Max. 5gns. Box 8367.

IMPECUNIOUS music student (f) urgently requires accommodation where practising is permissable. Box 8462.

WANTED. Unfurn. pt.-furn./furn. flat/hse. London area. Long lease. Box 8345.

PROF. Engineer requires cheap bed-sit. London. Corfield, Oakley, Aylesbury.

WHAT could you offer young couple with boy 8, baby, outcast into the wilderness of the homeless, Hampstead/Putney area? We offer £3 3s. and decor. Unfurn./part-furn., s/c please. Warbey, 6 Keats Grove, N.W.3. PUT. 8542.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Music Review," the progressive British musical quarterly, now in its 13th year; February, May, August and November; editor, Geoffrey Sharp. Single copies (80 or more pages), 12s. 6d. net, postage 4d.; annual subscription £2 2s., post free, from the Publishers, W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd., Cambridge. Prospectus on request, or send 6s. for specim.

RUSSIA To-day Book Club—Announcing February choice "Light in Kvareli." Special low price 2s. (post free). Full details 36 Spencer Street, E.C.1.

"CAN Science Stop It Raining?" by Dr. J. Gordon Cook. An easy-to-read story of modern meteorology. 2s. 2d. from Merrow Publishing Co., Ltd., 23 Ganghill, Guildford.

BOOK Bargains! New books at half price or less. Special offer, "Quo Vadis?", Sienkiewicz, complete & unabridged. Cloth bound. Published at 7s. 6d., our price 4s. post free. Stamp for full lists, all on money back gtee. Town Bookshop, Enfield, Middx.

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THE Ancient Wisdom, Occultism, Yoga, Mysticism, Comparative Religion, Theosophy: Man—Body, Psyche and Spirit. For books on these subjects write or visit: The Theosophical Bookshop, 68 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Catalogue free.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Books bought. Beadon Rd., W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS wanted. Highest prices paid for pre-war books by popular authors. Up to half published price for recent novels in fine condition. Selected titles of Reprint Society & Readers' Union. Private libraries purchased. Berger & Tims, Fiction Library Service, 159 Victoria St., W.1. 'Phone VICtoria 9827.

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SCHOOLS

BEDALES School, Petersfield (co-educational). Entrance Tests will be held at the school from April 3rd-5th. A few scholarships are available for boys and girls between the ages of 12 and 14 next September. Full particulars from the Headmaster.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. Nursery 8gns., K.G. 15gns., Junior and Senior School 18gns.

DANE Court, Pyrford, Woking. Prep. school for boys. Old-established but not old-fashioned. Sensible schooling in appropriate setting. Hobbies encouraged.

MICHAEL House School, Ilkeston, Derbys. A Rudolf Steiner School founded in 1934. Education for boys and girls from 4 to 18 years. Boarders accepted.

PINEHURST, Goudhurst, on the Weald of Kent. A Boarding School for Girls, 5-11, and small boys' T.T. milk, home produce. Mrs. M. D. Price, Principal.

ENTERTAINMENTS

WINTER Garden. Christopher Fry's "The Firstborn." Evgs. 7. Th. 2.30. Sr. 5 & 8. Limited run. Hol. 8881.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evs. (ex. Mon.) 7. Sr. Sun. 5 & 8. Marcel Marceau. Mems. 5s.

BOLTONS Theatre. Entirely new management. Reopens Feb. 4, Robert Beatty in "Here's To Us." Production: Basil Ashmore. Food by Watergate Restaurant's Bill Staughton. Drinks by "Ronnie," late Irving Theatre. Join today and bring your friends for a complete evening's entertainment. Full mems. 1gn. Theatre mems. 5s. KEN. 7544.

UNITY, Eus. 5391. "Mother Goose" political panto. Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Mems.

NEW Lindsey. BAY. 2512. Feb. 5, 8 p.m. Strindberg's Creditors. Sun. 5 & 8. Mems.

IRVING, Whi. 8657. From Feb. 8, 7.30 (exc. Mon.); Sun. 5.30, "The Princess Zoubaroff," a fantastic comedy by Ronald Firbank. Mems. 5s.

IRVING, Whi. 8657. 10.30 (exc. Mon.); Sun. 8.30. "The Irving Revue," an intimate Late Night Show. Mems. 5s.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until Feb. 3: Cocteau's "Les Parents Terribles" (A). From Feb. 4: Orson Welles' "The Magnificent Ambersons" (U).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Feb. 3rd, 7.30: "Cinderella" (A) (Italian).

"BOUNTIFUL Summer," premiere Soviet colour film, Scala Theatre, W.1, 7.30, Feb. 5. Res. seats, 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s., 7s. 6d. B.S.F.S. (Ed. Cttee.), 36 Spencer St., E.C.1.

"JULIUS Cæsar" (Dir. David Bradley). First London showing Thurs., Feb. 7, 7.45 p.m. Hampstead Town Hall. Members (2s. 6d.) and guests (3s 6d.) only. All tickets in advance. Hampstead Film Soc., Hon. Sec., 58 Eton Ave., N.W.3. PRI. 1598.

FILM Show & Travel Forum, Chelsea Town Hall, King's Rd., S.W.3. Feb. 8, 7-10 p.m. Travel enthusiasts and their friends are invited to a Show of Continental Travel Films foll'd. by Holiday Forum when experts will answer your questions. Tkts. 2s. 6d. from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

WIGMORE Hall. Sat., Feb. 9, at 7.30. Under the Distinguished Patronage of Madame Eilath, Wife of H.E. The Israel Minister. First performances in this country of works by Israel composers, and Overture to a Comedy (Joachim) and Symphony No. 1 (Mendelssohn). A section of the Philharmonia Orchestra, Conductor: Bernard Jacob. Soloists: Frederick Thurston, Herbert Downes. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. Monday, Feb. 11, at 7.30. The Society for Twentieth Century Music presents: Hedli Anderson, Margaret Field-Hyde, Peter Stadlen, Francis Chagrin & The London Symphony Orchestra Chamber Ensemble in works by Darius Milhaud, Igor Stravinsky, Elisabeth Lutyens & Arnold Schoenberg. Tkts. 6s. 6d., 4s. 9d., 3s. 6d., from all Hampstead agents & Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1. MAYfair 7600.

KALMAR Chamber Orchestra with Arda Mandikian, Soprano; Cond. James Gibson, Chelsea Town Hall, Monday, Feb. 4 at 8 p.m. Haydn Sym. No. 8, Purcell Chacony, Britten Les Illuminations, Nielsen Little Suite, Haydn Sym. No. 73. Tickets 7s., 5s., 3s. from Hall.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Pianoforte Recital by Paul Lichtenstern. Programme will include music by Lopatnikoff, Karl Wiener, Toch, Ben-Haim, etc. Members free; guests 2s. Sunday, Feb. 3 at 8 p.m.

"WERTHER." Intro. to Massenet's Opera by James Robertson, illus. by members of Sadler's Wells cast. Sun., Feb. 10, 8 p.m., Three Arts Club, 35 Gt. Cumberland Place, W.1. Partics. from Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

SINGAWAY. Folksongs, Peace Songs, Union Songs, Ballads, led by The Ramblers, Sun., Feb. 3, 3 p.m., 33 Pembridge Square, W.2.

AMERICAN Square Dancing taught every Monday at 8.30 p.m. All Nations Social Club, Gt. Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1. 2s. 6d.

GRAND International Youth Centre Social at 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3, 8 p.m. Sun., Feb. 3. Admission 2s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints, full range on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Illus. Catalogue 6d. post free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. French Landscapes by 19th and 20th Century Painters.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings by Balthus and selected French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Recent Paintings: Ruszkowski. 1st Exhbn.: Edward Smith; Bernard Dunstan.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. First London Exhibition of Vieira da Silva. Thirty French Paintings; Etchings & Lithographs by Jacques Villon. Recent paintings by W. Barns-Graham. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

NOTTINGHAM. At Sisson and Parker's, Wheeler Gate, an exhibition of Ganymed Reproductions. Feb. 2-Feb. 16.

RUMANIAN Exhibition, Priestley Hall, City Sq., Leeds. Opened by Mr. E. V. Tempest on Feb. 6 at 7 p.m., open till Feb. 20. 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. week-days (incl. Sat.). Admission free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Paintings and Sculpture by William Turnbull. The Exhibition of Paintings by Francis Bacon is retained until Feb. 9.

PAINTER-Lithographers of 1952. A collection of limited edition Lithographs by Contemporary Artists, on view Jan. 16-Feb. 9 at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1.

ALA. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. Pictures for Hire. 11-6 daily, inc. Sats.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibition: British Medicine and the Continent, 1600-1850. Open daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

KYNANCE Gallery, 1 Kynance Place, Gloucester Rd., S.W.7. WES. 8977. Special Exhibn. of Original Contemporary Paintings at 5 & 7gns. Jan. 24 to Feb. 14.

ARCADE Gallery, Flemish and Dutch Mannerist and Baroque Paintings. 28 Old Bond St., 10-5; Sat. 10-1.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leic. Sq. Select Paintings, old and modern, under 25gns. And Display of Art Books.

"YOUNG Sculptors," I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Dly. 10-6. Suns. 2-6.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. 75th Birthday Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings (1895-1951) by Alfred Wolmark. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Until March 2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

RACIAL Unity. Public Meeting, Monday, February 4. Central Hall, Westminster, 7.30 p.m. Miss Mary Attlee, H.E. V.K. Krishna Menon, James Griffiths, M.P., C. J. M. Alport, M.P., Dingle Foot and Lord Hailsham (Chairman). Admission free. Reserved seats and particulars from the Secretary, Racial Unity, 32, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

ONE Day School on the Economics and Ethics of Land Ownership, Caxton Hall, Westminster, on Saturday, February 16, 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Qualified speakers will deal with the ethical, economic, practical and political aspects of the land question. Admission by ticket 2s. 6d. Subjects covered include the rights of property, the rights of the individual, individual ownership, communal ownership, taxing wealth, taxing land, taxing profits, etc. Programme from United Committee for the Taxation of Land Values, 4 Gt. Smith Street, S.W.1.

BASIL L. Q. Henriques, C.B.E., J.P., on "The Place of Voluntary Organisations in the Welfare State," at Sunday Service, February 3, at 11 a.m., at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

NO Conscription Council. Victor Yates, M.P. and Rev. Lord Coleman, M.A., will speak at Annual Public Meeting, King's Weigh House, Duke St., W.1. Friday, February 15, 7.30 p.m.

"CHALLENGE of Socialism" public meetings, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1. (1) "The World Crisis of Capitalism," Sunday, February 10, 7 p.m. Socialist Party of Great Britain.

THE London Society of Jews and Christians —A discussion: The Validity of the Religious Conception of Man, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Feb. 5, at 8.15. Chair: Rabbi Leslie I. Edgar. Speakers: Rabbi A. Altmann, Dr. E. Graham Howe, The Rev. Canon Marcus Knight. All welcome.

CELEBRATION of the Granting of the Vote to Women. Feb. 6. Caxton Hall, 7.30. Lady Astor, Mary Stocks, Beatrice Forbes-Robertson, Charlotte Marsh, H. E. Krishna Menon, Lord Pethick-Lawrence. Adm. free. Organisers Suffragette Fellowship.

"NEED of Our Time." Discn. Dr. Colman Nairnsey as Practitioner, Dora Russell, The Woman's Viewpoint. Hampstead Ethical Soc., 78a Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cin., Golders Grn., Sun., Feb. 3 at 7.45.

DR. E. K. Ledermann, LR.C.P. & S., L.R.F.P. & S., will speak on "A Philosophy of Medicine," at 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, on Fri., Feb. 8, at 8.15 p.m. All welcome; no charge.

TARBUT La'Am (Jewish Cultural Centre), 37 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. Sunday, Feb. 3, 8 p.m. "Hazaz—The Prose Writer in Israeli Literature." Miss C. Kaufman.

"THE Challenge to Humanism": four Sunday evening meetings to discuss public policy on religion. Feb. 3, 6.30 p.m., H. J. Blackham: "Christian Counter-attack and Humanist Confidence." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Public Lect. Wed., Feb. 6, 6.30, "The Future": The Ven. Bhikku U Thittila.

CHINA. Emergency meeting to-night, Fri., 1st, Holborn Hall, 7.30. S. Silverman, M.P., S.O. Davies, M.P., Lt.-Col. Reed Collins, Gordon Schaffer & others, 6d. at door Britain-China Friendship Assoc. AMB. 6372.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"SECRETS of Film-making." A lecture will be given by Ernest J. Tytler for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Feb. 4, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

"THE Colonies—What Next?" by Joseph Appiah (President, West African Students' Union), under auspices of All Nations Social Club, Thurs., Feb. 7 at 8 p.m. Questions & discussion. Gt. Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Tuesday, February 5, 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's Church House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Forum on Malaya." Spkrs. Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P., Andrew Roth, Gerald da Cruz.

"UNE Semaine à Paris"—Monday, Feb. 11, 6.30 and 8.30 p.m. First public showing of French teaching films—successfully used in Language Film Classes, 13 Suffolk Street, Haymarket, S.W.1. Admission free.

YOUTH House, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. Mondays at 7.30. Feb. 4: Dr. Bede Wright: "Family Planning." Visitors welcome.

THE Indian Elections. Great Solidarity Meeting in support of the Victory of the Democratic Forces, Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1. Feb. 15, 7.30. Chair: D. N. Pritt, K.C. Spkrs. R. Palme Dutt, Arthur Horner, H. B. Lim & ors. All welc. 6d.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Feb. 5, at 7.45 p.m. Scenes from Bohemia, illustrated with Czech paintings shown on epidiascope. Speaker: Mr. Stephen Jolly. Chairman: Mr. John Ridley.

"HOW to Look at an Old Building." Finsbury Art Group presents an illustrated lecture by J. A. Davison at the Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1, Monday, Feb. 4, 8 p.m. Admission 2s.

"THE Land War in Kenya": Fenner Brockway, M.P. Tuesday, February 5, 1952, 6.45 p.m. Hope House, Gt. Peter Street, S.W.1. 1s. at door. Union of Democratic Control, 32 Victoria St., S.W.1.

INDIVIDUAL & Public Health: the Nature Cure Outlook. Feb. 4, L. F. Easterbrook, "Health Milk Production." Feb. 11, Derek Randal, "Food or Fabrication?" Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. 7 p.m. Admit. 2s. Practics. of Series from N.C. Clinic, 13 Oldbury Place, W.1.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Feb. 5, S. E. Ellis, B.Sc., "The Problem of Dwindling Natural Resources." Adm. free. Collection.

MYSTICISM in practice. Lunch Hour Talks Tuesdays 1 p.m. at Caxton Hall, Thursdays 6.30 at Friends House, Euston Rd. Feb. 7: "Yoga in Outline," arranged by Shanti Sadan, 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

PERSONALIST Group. Marcus Sims on "Gabriel Marcel and the Philosophy of Existence," Conway Hall, Mon., Feb. 4, at 7.45 p.m. Non-members 1s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. February 9 at 6 p.m. Kathleen Coady: Traditional Gaelic Songs.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Feb. 3, Archibald Robertson, M.A., "War—Public Enemy No. 1." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Feb. 3: Theosophy and Education.

PERCEPTION, Its Error and Truth, Mrs. L. J. Bendit. Sun., Feb 3, 7 p.m. Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Every Tues., 7.30 p.m. Meditation & Gita. Thurs., 7.30, Feb. 7: "Vedanta in Practice." All welc.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"SOCIALISM & Private Industry," Week-end School organised by Central London Fabian Society at High Leigh, Haddesdon, Herts., Feb. 29 to March 2. Speakers: Ian Mikardo, M.P., Austin Albu, M.P., & Tom Bowers. Particulars from G. Drain, 6 Willoughby Rd., N.W.3.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

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